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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SLAVERY IN THE NORTHERN METHODIST CHURCH.

Ever since the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, many Northern Methodists have pretended that *their* branch of the Church was anti-slavery. Even Methodist clergymen, who must have known that there were slaveholders belonging to their Church within the bounds of some seven or eight Annual Conferences, have not scrupled to set up this plea, and to denounce Abolitionists as slanderers for telling the truth. Anti-Slavery lecturers, almost everywhere, are called upon to expose the dishonesty of such clergymen. We, therefore, give place to the following article from *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist paper of high standing, published in Boston. It appeared in that paper on the 21st of February last.—Eds. Standard.

THE SLAVE POWER IN THE CHURCH—ITS POLICY.

In the *Herald* of the 31st ult. we showed that, from 1780 down to 1844, the Slave Power first resisted and then dictated the legislation of the Church on the subject of slavery; that, since the secession of the Southern Conferences, that power, though greatly weakened, has nevertheless been sufficiently strong to prevent any change in the policy of the Church on this question—so that the policy which was satisfactory to the Slave Power from 1816 down to 1844, though obnoxious to most of the Conferences, is retained in the Church *now*. In this article we propose a brief examination of this policy—what is the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave States with respect to slaveholding at the present time?

To this question there can be but one answer—*our Church tolerates slaveholding ad libitum in its* laity. Its discipline is so interpreted and so administered in the slave States that no man is disqualified for membership or for office in the Church because he is a slaveholder. A man owning a thousand slaves finds admission to her communion just as freely as a man who owns none. In a word, slaveholding works no more disqualification for membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church than it does in the Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*.

With regard to the *ministry*, a somewhat better policy obtains. The rule which requires a travelling minister to emancipate his slaves, where the laws of the State will permit it, is, we believe, faithfully executed. We doubt if there is a single slaveholder in our travelling ministry, though we have seen repeated assertions in the papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South to the contrary. In the absence, however, of positive proof, we are willing to concede that our itinerant ministry is not degraded by the presence of slaveholders in its ranks. We wish we could add that the Conferences in the slave States enforced this rule on *high moral grounds*. Unfortunately, they do not. With them it is merely *inexpedient*, not *wicked*, for travelling preachers to hold slaves. The work in the principal border Conferences extends into non-slaveholding territory, where the presence of a slaveholding ministry would be anything but satisfactory to the people. Hence, they keep their travelling ministry free from slavery, though the discipline, as now interpreted, does not prohibit our preachers who reside in the States which forbid emancipation from owning as many slaves as they please.

We have said that the policy of our Church in the slave States is to tolerate slaveholding in the *laity* without restriction. Does any man doubt it? Let him carefully weigh the following testimony.

After the great secession, when the praiseworthy resistance of the *Baltimore* Conference to the demands of the ultra wing of the Slave Power gave it a somewhat anti-slavery aspect, it defined its position by passing this resolution:

"Resolved, That this Conference disclaims having any fellowship with Abolitionism. On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known and long-established position, by keeping the travelling preachers composing its own body free from slavery, it *is also determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make non-slaveholding a condition of membership in the Church, but to stand by and maintain the discipline as it is.*"

Here the reader will observe that the utmost anti-slavery action to be expected from the Baltimore Conference is that it will keep its travelling ministers free from slavery. With slaveholding in the laity it will not meddle; nay, it will not permit the Church to meddle with it there. It stands pledged by this resolution to girdle the Slave Power as with a wall of fire against any offensive legislation by the General Conference. Its language to the Church is, "Touch slaveholding in the *laity*, and we will not 'hold ecclesiastical connection' with you!"

The *Philadelphia* Conference, in 1847, in an address to the Societies under its care, holds the following language:

"If the plan of separation gives us the pastoral care of you, it remains to inquire whether we have done anything, as a Conference, or as men, to forfeit your confidence and affection. We are not advised that, even in the great excitement which has distressed you for some months past, any one has impeached our moral conduct, or charged us with unsoundness in doctrine, or corruption or tyranny in the administration of discipline. But we learn that the simple cause of the unhappy excitement among you is that some suspect us, or affect to suspect us, of being Abolitionists. Yet no particular act of the Conference, or any particular member thereof, is adduced as the ground of the erroneous and injurious suspicion. We would ask you, brethren, whether the conduct of our ministry among you for sixty years past ought not to be sufficient to protect us from this charge? Whether the question we have been accustomed, for a few years past, to put to candidates for admission among us, namely, *Are you an Abolitionist?*—and without each one answered in the negative, he was not received—ought not to protect us from the charge? Whether the action of the last Conference on this particular matter ought not to satisfy any fair and candid mind that we are not, and do not desire to be, Abolitionists? * * * *We cannot see how we can be regarded as Abolitionists, without the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, being considered in the same light.*"

This extract speaks for itself. By placing the Philadelphia Conference in the same relation to *lay* slaveholders as ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, it proves them to be as tolerant toward slaveholding in the membership as the most extravagant slaveholder could desire. Its language is, "we will stand by slaveholding in the laity as faithfully as the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

In the General Conference of 1852, Mr. Collins, of the Baltimore Conference, speaking of slaveholders, said:

"They (slaveholders) *claimed to be in the Church by* RIGHT, *and under the discipline of the Church*, and not merely by sufferance and tolerance. They wished it to be understood that that is their position; and he (Mr. Collins) endorsed their views fully and completely."

Here we have the Slave Power expressing its views of its relations to the Church. Its language is haughty and bold. Despising mere toleration, it asserts existence in the Church to be both right and lawful. Could it use more imperious language? Would it have spoken thus if the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church was not more than tolerant of slaveholding in the laity?

The *Central Christian Advocate*, pleading for fraternal treatment from the Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*, said:

"Has the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church ever been changed in any of its cardinal features, or *abolished* in any of its articles of sound policy, so as to un-Americanize it, and *unrail it for Arkansas, or any other portion of the South? In not a single item.* Has the Church become heretical in doctrine, and thus unworthy of Christian fellowship? Show us the clause. Have its ministers, in any portion of the slaveholding territory, acted *indiscreetly—forgot their gospel mission, and opened a violent and unwarrantable crusade against slavery and slaveholders?* If so, point out the men, and make known their offence. The bishop and members of their Annual Conference is the proper authority before which to arraign them. * * * * * Or if there is no new phases of the doctrine, *discipline and policy* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, why may not the few unpretending preachers of the Arkansas Conference, with twenty more recruited to their aid, labour side by side, if need be, in harmony and peace, with the strong and efficient corps of preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—advocating the same old doctrines, enforcing the same old discipline, *and pursuing the same old policy?*"

In the same journal, the Rev. N. Shumate, addressing a New England preacher, uses the following language:

"We are here on a mission of mercy and good will to men—to preach the gospel to bond and free; and, in the prosecution of our work, *we do not meddle with the legal relation of master and slave*, but offer to each, in his respective relation, the salvation of God, through the blood of the Lamb! * * * * *If the General Conference had sent us out on a crusade against slavery, her action would have been repudiated by the very people who asked to be taken under her jurisdiction; and we, their ministers, coming among them on such a mission, would have been repudiated likewise.* * * * I rather think some of your 'outspoken' Abolition brethren have concluded that as our people would not go with the Church South, therefore they were Abolitionists, and that they were a nucleus around which you could gather your Scottite forces for a general melee with slavery. In this, however, they are mistaken; for the Methodist preachers and people occupy the same high conservative ground that they always have occupied."

These avowals are too outspoken and conclusive to require a word of comment. They boldly assert that our preachers *do not meddle* with the legal relation of master and slave; that the very persons who wish our Church to push her Conferences southward would *repudiate* her if she condemned slaveholding in laymen, and that nothing like *aggressive* action against slavery is to be expected from our Conferences in the slave States.

We submit these extracts to the serious consideration of our readers. They embrace the avowed policy of our border Conferences from Delaware to Missouri. They show that the policy forced by the Slave Power on the Church in 1816, after a struggle of nearly forty years, remains intact to the present hour. They fully confirm the statement with which we set out—that *our Church tolerates slaveholding ad libitum in its laity*—that slaveholders find admission to our communion without hindrance or restriction, and are as cordially welcomed by our preachers as by the preachers of the Southern Church. We regret the existence of such a state of things; our preachers and people in the free States generally regret it. They are seeking to overthrow it. Hoping to hasten its overthrow, we have spread the facts before our readers.

"But," it may be urged, "Methodist slaveholders are not like common slaveholders. They are men upon whom slaveholding has been forced as an unavoidable necessity. In their hearts they detest it, and would gladly free themselves from the relation were it possible. They are slaveholders in law, but not slaveholders in heart and practice."

We wish we could believe this of any considerable number of Methodist slaveholders. No doubt there are individuals by whom slaveholding is so regarded. No doubt here and there a truly pious, enlightened and conscientious man holds slaves with trembling, doubting as to what is his duty, and willing to emancipate at all risks whenever his doubts can be solved. We can conceive of circumstances, too, in which a man may be a slaveholder in *law* without being a slaveholder in fact (on this point more hereafter). We do not and will not hurl an undiscriminating anathema against all who stand in the *legal* relation of master to a slave. But such cases we take to be exceptions. As a general rule, the man who holds the legal relation of master *uses the right conferred by that relation* just so far as his interest and convenience may require. Methodists, as well as others, accept the institution as they find it existing among them. When they need labour for the domestic circle or the farm, they *buy* slaves. When they have more slaves than they require, they *sell* them. They take the children of their slaves and bring them up *as slaves*. When they die, they leave their slaves to their heirs. In the exercise of these rights, they differ from irreligious slaveholders just as the religious merchants of Boston differ from non-professing merchants, and no more. They may treat the persons of their slaves with more kindness, consider their feelings and religious wants more than irreligious men, or they may not; treatment depends upon the disposition and character of the individual master more than on professions of religion. That there is any essential difference between Methodist and non-professing slaveholders generally, in their treatment of slaves, we do not believe. The former as well as the latter, in most cases, do exercise the right given them by their legal relation to treat their slaves as *property;* they exact their labour without wages, restrain their liberty, and refuse them the rights which inhere in free born men. We feel confident that not merely nominal, but real slaveholders—slaveholders in law and in fact—are tolerated by the present policy of our Church. We have been repeatedly told by persons familiar with Southern society that the contrary statement would be laughed at if made in almost any circle of Methodist slaveholders. Hence, when we assert that the Methodist Episcopal Church tolerates slaveholding *ad libitum* in its laity, we mean that, in the slave States, a man who treats his fellow-creatures as "chattels personal" is not held to be disqualified thereby for membership in the Church, provided in other respects his conduct is satisfactory to the Church authorities. As we have already remarked, this policy is extremely obnoxious to most of the Annual Conferences in the free States. Nevertheless, it obtains in the slave States, in obedience to the dictates of the Slave Power, though we believe it is destined to receive its death-blow at the next General Conference. Of the character and tendency of this policy, and of its relations to the discipline, we shall write hereafter.

UP TO THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

The following religious action on the subject of slavery makes thorough work of it on the score of non-fellowship, and is worthy of the highest applause and universal imitation. It will yet be the religious verdict of the entire North, in "the good time coming."

Resolutions of the Church and Society of the Second Parish in Marlboro'—Rev. Mr. Alger's.

The Committee chosen, July 2d, to prepare something expressive of the feelings of this church against the system of American slavery, ask leave to present the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, slavery, as it exists in this country, is wholly at war with every principle of justice and humanity; a direct violation of the precepts and doctrines of Jesus Christ, and a heinous sin in the sight of God; and whereas, upon a fair examination, we are convinced that the American Church, as at present constituted, is its greatest safeguard and defence, without whose support it must inevitably fall to atoms and disappear from our land; and whereas, a continuance of union and fellowship with the individual churches of our country, without discrimination, involves us in the guilt of being participators in this national wrong; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it the imperative duty of Christians, both as individuals and in their churches, to bear their decided and emphatic testimony against it, and in all justifiable and Christian ways to exert their influence for its destruction.

Resolved, That we do not recognise as a Christian the slaveholder, or the apologist or defender of the institution of slavery, as it exists in our land; and that we decidedly protest against the admission of any one to our pulpit excepting those who at all times set God's law above human enactments, and who have a voice to lift up boldly in behalf of universal freedom, peace and temperance, as well as the other moral and religious interests of man.

Resolved, That we decline all such connection with other churches calling themselves Christian as shall implicate us in any degree or in any way in the guilt of upholding and perpetuating slavery.

A. W. Rice,
Dennis Witherbee, } Committee.
S. R. Phelps,

The above preamble and resolutions were adopted by the church, last summer, and, on last Monday, at the annual parish meeting, by the entire parish.

Marlborough, March 27, 1855. —*Liberator.*

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF CYRUS M. BURLEIGH.

Absent, not lost—removed from earth, not dead—
Existent still, but in a higher sphere:
What though from us thy mortal form has fled?
Where'er thou art, as when incarnate here,
If Right is struggling 'gainst a hostile throng,
If Justice needs a champion bold and true,
Thou wilt be foremost to redress the wrong,
And all the powers of darkness to subdue.
Though early summoned to the spirit-land,
Thy earthly life, by noble words and deeds,
Was long-extended: heart, and voice, and hand,
Thou gav'st to Freedom in her direst needs.
Oh, for thy zeal to free the fettered slave,
Forever hallowed be thy lowly grave!

Boston, April 2, 1855. W. L. G.
—*Liberator.*

THE LATE CUBAN CONSPIRACY.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RAMON PINTO.

From The Evening Post.

On the 12th of last month, Cuba was to have been the theatre of a bloody revolution. Concha, the Captain-General, was to have been shot at the theatre in Havana, from a box opposite the one he habitually occupies; the shout of independence was then to have been raised, and all resistance to the emancipation of the island from Spanish rule was to have been punished with instant death. This conspiracy had its centre in Havana, but its ramifications extended throughout the island of Cuba and the United States.

The chief of the conspirators was Ramon Pinto, news of whose death by the garrotte has just reached us.

Pinto was a rich Catalan, from Barcelona, about fifty-one years of age. He was educated for the priesthood, but declined taking orders, and in his early life was protected by the influence of the Duke of Alagon and Ferdinand VII. He was one of the volunteers of Madrid on the 7th of July, 1820, and engaged in the battle of that day with the Royal Guards, who were driven from the city, badly beaten. He was also among the volunteers of Madrid detailed to guard the King, and was with him when he was conducted to Cadiz. He was of the small band of the defenders of the works, delivered up by treachery to the French there, who entered it, with sword in hand, in overpowering force. Of the five or six gallant soldiers left alive, Pinto was one.

From Cadiz he came to Havana, where he has always held the rank and enjoyed the reputation of a gentleman and a patriot.

Pinto has always yearned for the independence of Cuba, or, at least, for her emancipation from Spanish tyranny, and became associated with those who shared his aspirations, both in Cuba and the United States. He was the founder and director of the Lyceum Club, where the conspirators met, under the pretext of playing at cards and billiards, and agreed upon their plans.

It was at this place that the documents were found which compromised him with the government and lost him his life. They were written in cipher, the key of which was discovered. He had been, until this discovery, an intimate friend of Governor Concha, and in the enjoyment of his entire confidence. The Governor followed the clue which he had found, and in the course of time discovered most of the leaders of the most formidable plot with which his rule in Cuba has ever been threatened.

The Governor promptly put the island in as perfect a condition of defence as was possible with the means at his command, which he deemed entirely insufficient, and wrote home for aid; at the same time communicating the grounds of his apprehension. The substance of that report was communicated to the Spanish Cabinet, on the 8th of March, by Signor Bustillos. We quote the following account of it telegraphed to the Paris journals:

"For a long time past, General Concha had a presentiment of this conspiracy, from the assassination of the man who had taken Lopez (Castaneda), and the abortive plot of Baracoa. The police at length succeeded in unravelling the thread of it, and it appears from the declarations made, and the papers seized, that the plan of the conspiracy had existed long before the arrival of General Concha in the island; that the conspirators had considerable resources; that a general rising was contemplated in Cuba; and that the whole was combined with an expedition which was to leave the United States, under the orders of Gen. Quitman, accompanied by Henderson and Kinney.

"This expedition had at its disposal four large steamers—the Pampero, which was to sail from Galveston, Texas, with 700 men; the Daniel Webster and the Prometheus, which were to leave Savannah, with equal forces; and the remainder, to the number of 3,600 men, were to leave New York, in the Massachusetts. This last vessel has been detained by the American authorities, in virtue of a demand to that effect made by the Spanish consul. The conspirators deferred the execution of their plan in order to wait the issue of Mr. Soulé's mission.

"On the decision of the results of that mission, the expedition was to depart immediately for Cuba. In order to support it, armed bodies were organized throughout the island, with recognised chiefs; they were disposed in such a manner that in a given time of two or three days these bands could start from points agreed upon. The American fillibusters had succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of the press and of our consuls in the United States by propagating the rumour that they were about to proceed to Costa Rica.

"At Havana there were arrested Ramon Pinto, head of the conspiracy, a rich Catalan, very intimate with the Captain-General; Cintra, an eminent advocate; Jose Antonio Echevarria, a distinguished writer; and the engineer of the railroad from Matanzas to Havana, Carlos Rusea, Juan Cadalzo, the two young Balvines and Pinelo.

"Other arrests were made at Matanzas, Bejucal, Guines, Cienfuegos, Puerte de Golpe (Villa Clara), Cardenas, Piner del Rio, Trinidad, Taruco, &c. A number of persons have fled. This affair is being actively followed up by the government. Pinto, the head of the conspiracy, is deeply compromised, and important papers have been found in his house. Emigrants who had been permitted to return to Cuba are amongst the number of the most dangerous and most deeply compromised conspirators."

We omit the detail of the preparations made by General Concha for the defence of the Island, with which our readers are familiar, and proceed with the letter of the Madrid correspondent:

"The Council of Ministers listened with much interest to the report of M. Bastillos. It was decided in Council that there should leave Cadiz, on the 12th, for Havana, a battalion of infantry, which is at present on the island of San Fernando, and that by the 1st of May there should be ready to embark for Cuba sufficient troops to complete in that island the effective force of 30,000 men. The Governor had ordered the judgment by councils of war, conformably to anterior laws, of armed bands of more than three men who might be found traversing the interior of the island."

On the day this dispatch was forwarded to Paris, March 8, and on the very day they were received by the Government, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was asked by General Serrano, in the midst of a debate on the new Constitution, for an explanation of these dispatches. The correspondent of the Paris *Presse*, writing from Madrid, gives the following account of the important statement which was made in reply:

"M. Luzuriaga, in the midst of a silence truly solemn, gave a reply as categorical as the circumstances would permit.

"A grand conspiracy had in fact been discovered; but the Captain-General Concha had succeeded in nipping it in the bud. All the principal actors in this drama were in the hands of the authorities. The Minister was able to give the assurance that the security of this rich colony was in no danger. Large reinforcements of troops were about being dispatched to General Concha. Spain would bleed from all her veins sooner than support in that quarter either injury or dishonour.

"On the character of the conspiracy, M. Luzuriaga was not as explicit as he himself would no doubt have desired. *He only ventures to insinuate a fact which people here would like to doubt, namely, that the impulse of this conspiracy came from the United States;* and he immediately asserted, *with energy, and in a manner which produced a profound impression on the Assembly, that all the conspirators arrested were acknowledged partisans of the maintenance of slavery.*

"On this occasion, the Minister made a declaration which reflects the highest honour upon him, as well as upon the Cabinet whose sentiments he expressed. He said that, *without invading the rights of established property, without refusing to compensate* them by a suitable indemnity, the Spanish Government was finally decided to put an end to a barbarous institution which all civilized nations condemned, and which M. Luzuriaga did not fear to call a pest and a shame to humanity.

"The Espartero ministry has the more merit for having taken this generous initiative, from the fact that negro slavery reckons, in this liberal land of Spain, numerous and warm partisans, and for Cuba itself the declaration is not without its perils.

"M. Olozaga constituted himself the interpreter of the sentiments of the whole Assembly, by proposing a vote of adhesion and thanks to the Cabinet. It was the pendant to that which was passed about a month since, in consequence of the explanations demanded by M. Mateiguey. The Cortes have proved once more that they are decided not to retreat from this position, in which the honour of Spain is so deeply involved."

The *Independence Belge* reports the remarks of Senor Luzuriaga differently. We quote the most important sentences:

"I can at this moment give the Chamber the assurance that the possession of an island so important is in no danger. The government is decided to neglect nothing for the avoidance and suppression of every threatening eventuality. Troops will be sent, if necessary, to reinforce those who are already at the disposition of Lieut.-Gen. Concha. Numerous arrests have been made.

"In a very few days, we shall know what to believe concerning the hereafter of this abortive movement. At present we cannot say whether the excitement came from the great neighbouring country which desires annexation. There is, however, this circumstance, that the conspirators arrested are ardent partisans of the maintenance of slavery. That is another reason why their conduct should be reprobated in Spain, where, without making any attack upon property, there is a serious thought of putting an end, as soon as possible, to this scourge of humanity."

These statements were received with loud approbation, and elicited a unanimous vote:

"That Congress, profoundly satisfied with the explanation of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, declares that it gives its entire adhesion to the measures taken by the Cabinet in relation to the Island of Cuba."

While the home Government were discussing the questions of greater moment presented by the present alienated condition of the Cuban colony, conspirators have been tried, and some of them have been executed. Hopes were entertained by Pinto's friends, up almost to the day of the execution, that he would be spared. That there was a disposition in the breast of the Governor to spare him, if possible, there could be no doubt. But the prominent part he was found to have taken in the conspiracy made it impracticable to spare him without discharging all his confederates. He was accordingly garroted on the 22d ultimo. The following particulars of his last hours, as reported by a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, will be read with a melancholy interest, and with it closes another bloody chapter in the history of unsuccessful struggles against tyranny and opposition in Cuba.

"On the morning of the 22d (yesterday), as bright and beautiful a day as ever broke upon Cuba, just suited for the flight of a soul to Heaven, at five minutes to 7 A. M., Ramon Pinto was conducted from the Tacon prison to the place of execution, having several priests in attendance, with the usual ceremony and implements of the mass.

"On arrival at the platform, he walked up the steps with ease to the chair. He turned to the audience—ten to fifteen thousand people—a bright face, an unclouded brow, and he said a few words which I could not hear, but I am told that they were closed with 'I die innocent.' He then said parting words to the Father by his side, kissed the image of the Saviour, and took the chair; it was but a moment, although it seemed long to adjust the instrument, it turned, and Ramon Pinto was done to death."

GOOD MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The *Staats-Zeitung* of this morning states, on what authority we cannot say, as we find no allusion to the subject in our exchanges, that a memorial is in circulation in North Carolina for a change in the laws which regulate the slave system of that State. It has been already numerously signed by respectable citizens, and is pushed forward with considerable earnestness and zeal. The memorial begins in this wise:

"The undersigned are quite aware of the delicate nature of the subject to which they wish to direct the attention of the legislature, and of the necessity of touching it with prudence and deliberation. They propose a radical change in the slave code, imperatively demanded alike by Christianity, good morals and the common weal of the South. At the same time, they cherish no purpose or wish inconsistent with the interests of slaveholders, nor do they propose a reform which will diminish the value of slave labour. On the contrary, they hold that a modification of the slave laws, which is so much needed and desired, will promote the welfare of all classes, and the honour of the State, throughout the civilized world."

The attention of the Legislature is then directed to the following propositions: First, That it becomes a Christian people to introduce the institution of marriage among its slaves, with all its legal obligations and guaranties for perpetuity among those by whom it is contracted. Second, That slaveholders should not be allowed, under any circumstances, to undervalue this natural and holy bond of relationship, either among their own slaves or among the slaves of different masters. Third, That the tie of parent and child should be recognised and protected by the law, and the separation of parent and child before the latter had attained its thirteenth year should be forbidden by law under the severest penalties. And, Fourth, That those laws which interfere with the instruction of slaves in the art of reading and writing should be repealed.

The memorial argues the importance of these propositions at length, and cites authorities from other States to show that the reforms may be entered upon without danger. Thus, it says, the separation of little children from their parents is prevented by the laws of Louisiana, while a similar provision is before the Legislatures of Georgia and Alabama, and is commended in the annual messages of the Governors. Judge O'Neil, of South Carolina, has publicly approved not only of these, but of other important changes in the slave code. Among others, he has particularly named the introduction of marriage and a suitable education. The Southern Agricultural Society of Georgia has twice appealed to the benevolence and good sense of the South in favour of attempts to improve the condition of the coloured people, and Louisiana aids in the instruction of the free blacks by contributions from the State treasury.

"This is practical reform," says the German paper from which we have quoted the above, "in the proper place. The signers of the memorial seek to advance the best interests of both white men and slaves, whose real interests, indeed, are identical, by bringing the slaves into a position in which they shall improve their faculties until they are gradually prepared for freedom." But the German editor, in making these movements the ground of an attack upon the Northern anti-slavery feeling, overlooks the fact that it is this feeling more than anything else, perhaps, which has impelled the slaveholders to act.

We doubt whether anybody in the South would hail the success of those movements with more sincerity than the great body of the people of the North, and especially those among them who have been determined in their opposition to an extension of the slave system. It is not a mere prejudice against the South, nor a struggle for political power, which has animated the North, but a rooted conviction of the evils of slavery—of its inconsistency with the principles of our government, and its pernicious effects upon the social life of the whole nation, the free States as well as the slave.—*Evening Post.*

From the Boston Telegraph, April 3.

THE CASE OF JUDGE LORING.

The case of Judge Loring was, by special assignment, to be considered in the House of Representatives to-day. Yesterday, Mr. Stone, of Boston, informed the House that Mr. Dana had some additional evidence to offer on behalf of Judge Loring, and that he desired again to be heard before the Committee on Federal Relations. On motion of Mr. Stone, the subject was recommitted to that Committee.

We learn that the Committee met in the room over the Green-Room, at the State House, at half past nine o'clock, this morning.

Messrs. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and R. H. Dana, Jr., were present, together with Rev. Mr. Grimes, the coloured clergyman.

These gentlemen were sworn by the chairman of the Committee. Mr. Dana being asked what he had to say, stated that he had no evidence to offer, and was not desirous of another hearing. The statement of Dr. Stone, in the House, was based upon a misapprehension of a letter which he had written to the Committee, in which he suggested that the testimony of Rev. Mr. Grimes with regard to the bill of sale of Burns, which Judge Loring was charged with having written while the trial was pending, should be taken.

Mr. Grimes was then called upon to testify in the matter of the bill of sale. His evidence corroborated the statements made by Mr. Theodore Parker at the previous hearings. He was present when Judge Loring wrote the bill of sale.

He was then asked: "In the whole conduct of Judge Loring in court and out, so far as it came under your observation, was there anything which seemed to you objectionable, except in the final decision?"

To this Mr. Grimes replied that he had called on Judge Loring, at his house, on the Sunday subsequent to the arrest of Burns. He expressed to the Judge his fear that Hallett and Suttle would not take the money that was offered for Burns, and that, therefore, Burns would have to go back. Judge Loring said he thought they would take the money; but if they did not, if, on the trial, a doubt could be raised in his behalf, he should have the benefit of it, and should walk out of the Court-House a free man. Judge Loring also agreed to meet Mr. Grimes next morning, to proceed with the purchase, but did not keep his engagement.

Mr. Grimes thinks that Judge Loring acted wrongly, and deceived him in both these matters. He did not keep his appointment, and did not give Burns the benefit of the doubts which were raised. He testified also that Burns was ironed in the Court-room, as Messrs. Parker and Ellis stated, and as Mr. Dana denied.

Mr. Grimes, in the course of his testimony, stated that Mr. Hallett said to him, Mr. Grimes, you cannot buy Burns, and you had better not try to. The man must go back. The law must be carried out. Mr. Grimes told him he ought to give a hundred dollars for Burns's ransom. Mr. Hallett replied he would contribute to buy the man after he had been sent back to Virginia, but not before.

From Mr. Grimes's statement of his conversations with Messrs. Hallett and Suttle, it appeared that they were satisfied, on Monday morning, that Burns would go back; though it did not appear from what their impressions were derived.

Henry Ware, Esq., of Cambridge, was next called upon to testify. Mr. Ware is a son of the late William Ware, author of the "Palmyra Novels," &c. He is a lawyer, and an active and decided Free Soiler. He said that he was not present at the preliminary examination of Burns, but was present during the whole of the trial, with the exception of a part of one afternoon session, when he was kept out by Mr. Jabez Pratt and a file of soldiers. A large number of other citizens were kept out in the same manner. He got in before the Court adjourned.

"Was there any opposition to the entrance of persons who stated that they were Southerners?"

"I saw several Cambridge students in the Court-room who told me that they got in by telling the officers at the door that they were from the South."

"Could gentlemen obtain entrance by stating that they were Massachusetts men?"

"They could not on any pretence whatever."

"Who has control of the Court-room?"

"The United States Marshal seemed to have on that occasion. In ordinary cases, the Judge has."

Mr. Ware was asked to state his impression of Judge Loring's conduct of the trial.

Mr. Ware replied that, in his judgment, and according to his observation, Judge Loring's conduct of the trial was deliberate, fair and courteous, remarkably so for a slave Commissioner, and as compared with the conduct of previous cases.

Mr. Ware was then asked what he thought of the mode or manner in which the final decision was made.

He replied, "I thought that Judge Loring gave due weight to the testimony, and considered matters, and weighed the doubts with due deliberation. I do not mean to say that I agreed with the conclusions at which he arrived, and speak only of the *manner* in which he conducted the trial. His manner of conducting the trial was entirely satisfactory, excluding the first day's proceedings, of which I know nothing. I, however, make one exception to this remark, which is that it is not customary for Massachusetts judges to sit surrounded by armed men."

Mr. Dana enquired if there were armed men in the Court-room?

Mr. Ware replied that there were a large number of them armed with revolvers, which they openly displayed.

Mr. Dana had not observed it. Other gentlemen present confirmed Mr. Ware's statement that there were armed men present—about sixty of them in the Court-room.

It may be well to state that, notwithstanding Mr. Ware's favourable impressions of Judge Loring's conduct of the trial, he is strongly in favour of the Judge's removal.

Mr. Phillips read a letter from Mr. Ellis, written at the time of the trial, and also a portion of a speech which he himself had made during the trial, and which was reported by a phonographer, both tending to show that Judge Loring's conduct was regarded by them, at that time, in an unfavourable manner.

Mr. Dana then, at the request of the Committee, made a careful and elaborate statement of his observation of the whole conduct of the trial and his impressions derived from what he saw. A full report of this was taken, which we shall publish hereafter.

At two o'clock, the Committee adjourned to four o'clock this afternoon, when Messrs. Phillips, Parker and others are expected to put in testimony to rebut that of Messrs. Dana and Ware.

From the same, April 4.

Yesterday, we gave an account of the hearing by the Committee in the case of Judge Loring, up to the time of adjournment at two o'clock. From a report in one of the morning papers, which we presume to be accurate, we copy the following sketch of the evidence given in the afternoon:

"Charles M. Ellis was sworn, and narrated the circumstances attending the trial of Burns, giving an account of the efforts made by himself and Mr. Dana to obtain a delay in the trial of Burns on the day when he was first brought into Court. He was indignant at seeing Judge Loring proceeding with so much haste in the matter, because he believed it to be unjust, unlawful and disgraceful. The trial was going on, and papers were being read; in fact, all the evidence upon which the Commissioner based his decision, with the exception of the admissions of Burns, had been received by Mr. Loring. In his opinion, if the delay had not been urgently pressed, Burns's trial would have gone on, and he would have been sent back to slavery within an hour. Judge Loring had appointed him no counsel, and manifested no disposition so to do. The witness asked that Burns might have a trial before a free and open Court, not packed with blackguards, or surrounded by soldiers, but Judge Loring said he could do nothing about it, and that the case must go on as it had begun. The witness did not doubt but that Judge Loring had made his decision known to some persons before it was publicly delivered.

"On Thursday evening, before the public decision on Friday, a gentleman called at his house and informed him that Marshal Freeman had that evening told him that Burns was to be carried back. This gentleman did not wish to have his name disclosed, but, at the request of the Committee Mr. Ellis, gave his name—Mr. John M. Way. Mr. Ellis also stated that he was told, on the forenoon of the same day, by Mr. Conway, a native of Virginia, and a student in the Divinity School, that he knew several Virginians were stopping at the Revere House, and that it was their intention, if Burns was declared freed, to seize him, either by force or a new warrant, and take him back to Virginia, trusting to a legal justification there. Mr. Ellis also stated it to be his belief, though not derived from personal knowledge, that the Mayor and the Chief of Police were informed in advance what the decision would be. As to the judicial conduct of Judge Loring, it was his opinion at the time (and he thought Mr. Dana shared it) that it was illegal and unjust.

"Rev. Theodore Parker was next called. He reviewed some of the circumstances of the Burns trial, and testified, among other things, that Mr. Dana remarked that he was glad Batchelder was killed—that it was the general expression. He was glad of it because Batchelder did not belong there, but went in for his pay; and, he added, he has 'got his corn.' Mr. Parker also stated that he went to the Court-House with Mr. Dana, remained with him there, and left the Court-House with him, each day during the trial; and that Mr. Dana characterized the conduct of Judge Loring as atrocious—the only commendation he bestowed upon it being that it was not so bad as G. T. Curtis's in a similar case. Mr. Parker stated his impression of the trial to be that Judge Loring's personal demeanour was that of a gentleman, but it seemed to him that he used all the advantages of his position to the detriment of Burns; that he went out of the way repeatedly, and as often as occasion offered, to oppress the man before him.

"Wendell Phillips was next called, but said he could not add anything to the testimony already before the committee.

"The hearing then, at six o'clock, closed."

The result of this re-hearing would seem, to be decidedly unfavourable to Judge Loring. Even Mr. Dana's testimony was, in parts, strongly against him, because Mr. Dana, as a *witness* before the Committee, felt it to be his duty to state things which, as an *advocate* before the Committee, he had not considered it best to mention.

Mr. Grimes, we believe, had been relied on to testify in Judge Loring's behalf. Even the leading Abolitionists believed him to be favourable to Judge Loring. But before the Committee he indignantly denied that he came to testify for the Judge. His testimony was against him, so far as it went. His impressions of the Commissioner's conduct were highly unfavourable.

The next witness, Mr. Ware, of Cambridge, testified that Judge Loring's manner of conducting the trial was fair, courteous and deliberate. He was, however, not present *at the preliminary hearing*, which was the part of the trial in which the conduct of the Judge has been chiefly complained of. In fact, we are not aware that any one has accused him of improper conduct while on the bench, except *at the preliminary hearing*. Mr. Ware's testimony, therefore, scarcely touches the case, though it was proper that Judge Loring should have the benefit of it, so far as it went. He stated that he did not mean to be understood as approving Judge Loring's decision, and he evidently considered it improper for the Court to sit in a room filled with armed men.

From the report of the evidence yesterday afternoon, which we give above, it will be seen that the testimony of Messrs. Ellis and Parker is very strong against Judge Loring, and also tends to show that Mr. Dana has experienced a change of opinion since the period of the trial of Burns.

We take this opportunity to mention that our reporter was mistaken yesterday in asserting that Mr. Ware is "strongly in favour of Judge Loring's removal." He doubts its expediency.

SLAVERY NOT A SECTIONAL QUESTION.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.*

It has been said that the political anti-slavery movement is *sectional*, or, in other words, that it is designed only to strengthen the North and to depress the South, as contradistinguished from the Union movement, which is *national*, because it seeks to consult the good of all alike. This distinction originated in the tactics of those who, for more than half a century, have steadily persevered in a policy which has actually done much to establish the preponderance of one section of the Union, and that the least populous and prosperous, over all the others, East, West and North. And, in order to sustain it, they have not scrupled to read *us* a lecture, drawn from the admirable farewell of the father of his country, deprecating parties founded upon geographical discriminations! To the spirit of that exhortation of the great and good Washington, I will permit no man to exceed me in hearty devotion. I can conceive of nothing more belittling an American statesman than any attempt to raise up for himself an ephemeral popularity, by appealing to the local prejudices of his neighbours against persons not originating among them. Time has condemned, as an unprincipled demagogue, the man who, under the specious rallying-cry of Wilkes and Liberty, profited by stimulating the passions of the British populace against Lord Bute and Lord Mansfield, because they were Scotchmen. Even the sturdy morality and the conscientious piety of Samuel Johnson have been transmitted to us defiled by something of the same bigotry towards his northern neighbours. Yet the Scotch have since won for themselves a reputation so brilliant, in the higher departments of human pursuit, that an Englishman of the present day would recoil at once from the idea of reiterating the unscrupulous invective against them which once passed for wisdom, sheltered under the abused name of Junius. Indeed, history is too full of warnings of the evil consequences of geographical distinctions, in breeding ill will between nations, not to make them revolting to the judgment of every rational and benevolent man. The poet saw the analogy clearly when he mourned that

"Lands, intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred

possible to Indiana or Illinois, and there settle them as the will directs.

The case will go to the Supreme Court. The heirs at law, who are in this case the nieces and nephews of the deceased and the residuary legatees under the will, will carry it upon the principal point involved in the decision, they claiming that the will in relation to the manumission of the negroes cannot be executed, and that they (the negroes) fall to them, as the heirs at law; and the executor will carry it up, he contending (the court intimating a different opinion) that if this provision of the will fail, and the negroes go to the nieces and nephew of his testator, they must go to them as residuary legatees, and not as heirs at law.—*Macon (Ga.) Journal and Messenger.*

AN ACCEPTABLE MARRIAGE GIFT.

The following correspondence will be read with great interest and pleasure. It is a liberal benefaction to the anti-slavery cause, made in the most delicate and agreeable manner. In behalf of the noble cause it is designed to promote, our most grateful acknowledgments are proffered to all the parties concerned.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

W. L. Garrison,
Francis Jackson,
Wendell Phillips,

Gentlemen: I have the high honour and satisfaction of forwarding to you, enclosed, the correspondence which authorizes your draft on our beloved friend, Mr. Thomas Sturge, of London, for the sum of £100 (one hundred pounds). He mentions no particular name, among the "friends" to whom he alludes; but I am sure I fulfil his intention in communicating with you—the originator and leader of the American anti-slavery movement, the President, Treasurer, and most liberal supporters of the American Anti-Slavery Society; the "best persecuted" men in the country ever since my remembrance — the dearest friends of my family.

Most grateful for the privilege of thus subscribing myself, I am, gentlemen,

Your affectionate co-labourer in the cause,
E. B. Chapman Laugel.

Paris, March 8, 21 Rue de Varenne.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. I.

To Mrs. H. G. Chapman.—*My Dear Friend:* Through the kindness of thy dear sister, Anne Warren Weston, I am in receipt of thy address. She seems to think thou wilt visit our land, on thy way to America, this summer. We shall be most glad to see thee, and hope thy daughter and thy new son will visit us also. My dear brother, when he heard of thy dear Elizabeth's marriage, said to me, "I think M. W. C. would like her daughter to be the medium of a gift to our anti-slavery cause"; and he now commissions me to say, that either she or thyself may write to your friends in Boston, to draw on him in London for one hundred pounds, as soon as they please. He says *now* may be a good time, as the cloud of persecution seems as though it might burst, and law expenses arise in consequence. It is sad to think of a free country in such a case. I fear some great crisis may be at hand.

* * * * *

With much love to thee and all thine,
I am thy affectionate friend,
Esther Sturge.

Northfleet, near London, 2d mo. 26th, 1855.

NO. II.

To Thomas Sturge, Esq.—*Dear Mr. Sturge:* Our beloved and honoured Miss Sturge's welcome letter to my mother, so kindly and condescendingly making me the medium of your gift to our cause, was received by us with the deepest feelings of gratitude. Nothing indeed *could* so strongly call forth those feelings as such an act, at such a time. It is the highest distinction and satisfaction possible to me, that the honoured fellow-labourer of Zachary Macaulay and the first Abolitionists, now departed, the friend and supporter of Garrison and his co-workers, the American Abolitionists, among whom my family is numbered, should call and welcome me by name to this great work. You have not mistaken me. I have always loved it, and wrought for it as a child. May it never cease to be in all my thoughts till the end is accomplished!

My husband unites in all my gratitude for this most valued wedding gift. We both hope to be strengthened to serve the cause in France, as you and my parents have done in England and America—knowing that what is done for justice in our country, goes to serve and save all others.

Ever, dear Mr. Sturge,
Yours, with most grateful and tender respect,
E. B. Chapman Laugel.

March 2d, Paris, 21 Rue de Varenne.

—*Liberator.*

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 26th 3d mo., 1855.

My Dear Friend: I enclose $5 for the aid of the Vigilance Committee of Boston, $2 of which is the contribution of my friend Stenhouse Martindale. The burden of resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law should not rest alone upon a few noble and self-sacrificing men and women. All who love freedom and abhor oppression should count it a privilege to share it.

Dost thou not remember Felicia Hemans's lyric of the captive Crusader? From his cell the prisoner hears the march of his troop, the ringing of bridle chains, and the sound of trumpets, and sees the flash of their spears and the flutter of their pennons in the sun and wind. I think I can appreciate the captive's state of mind, since illness, for the most part, has made me a spectator where I would fain have been an actor, for the past three or four years. Looking at the Fugitive Slave Act and the Nebraska perfidy, I feel sometimes as if a living man has no right to plead bodily illness and suffering as an excuse for not doing a man's whole duty, in the great struggle now going on. But, daily admonished that something more than a willing spirit is needed, I can only try to cultivate the virtues of faith and patience, and thankfully embrace such opportunities as are afforded me to encourage and aid the cause of freedom, never more dear to me than at this hour.

Amidst the changes and confusions of time, and the general disruption of old political combinations, I see unmistakable signs of progress. Out of the weltering chaos, *the North* is slowly emerging. The impious political imposture which has profaned the sacred name of Democracy is smitten to the earth, never to rise again. Let us hope that in its place will rise the true party of the people—that impartial, all-embracing democracy of Christianity, for which the world agonizes in prayer to the Father of all.

Ever and truly thy friend,
—*Liberator.*] John G. Whittier.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD AT CINCINNATI.

From the Cincinnati Columbian, March 16.

It is reported that a gentleman who came down the river on Tuesday, with a boat-load of salt, had a slave, in whom he placed the utmost confidence; and when the gentleman stopped at the Spencer House, he took with him from the boat this coloured man to attend on him, but the following night the negro man was missing, and it has since been ascertained that he was placed on the underground railroad and taken rapidly northward.

A gentleman from Natchez, Miss., whose name is said to be Johnston, arrived here on Wednesday, and brought with him an interesting dark mulatto girl, about ten years of age, who was held as a slave.

It was rumoured about town, yesterday morning, that the Mississippian and this girl were stopping at the Walnut street House, and some Abolitionists sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and placed it in the hands of one of the deputy sheriffs, who went down to the Walnut street House, and looked round, but could not find the girl, and left.

Soon afterwards, it was represented that the girl was in the house, but was removed from one room and secreted in another. Again the deputy sheriff went down, but could not find the girl. Last night, a vigorous watch was kept on the premises, but we have not learned that anything strange turned up.

The case of a slave who came through from Mississippi by land, and here was aided by a merchant, who once took an active part in favour of suppressing Abolition agitation, and who is now largely interested in Southern trade, is the fourth slave "item" that has been reported to us very recently. In this latter case, the merchant received a letter from one of his correspondents in the South, stating the escape of the slave and his probable course northward, and also describing him very minutely, so that he might be caught. On the very next day, the negro, who, from long travel, was half famished, applied at the merchant's house for something to eat, and was at once recognised as the runaway.

He was fed, and charged with being a fugitive. He acknowledged it, but pleaded ill-usage, and begged so hard not to be sent back that the merchant put him away for safe-keeping while he went to his counting-room to think about the matter. His previous convictions, his opinions of his constitutional obligations and his interests, all finally overcame him, and, revealing the case to some of the conductors on the underground railroad, he handed the negro over to them, at the same time presenting him with ten dollars to help him along.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

The following Royal order, issued by the Spanish Ministry, on the 12th ult., or four days after the debate in the Cortes, which has been so contradictorily reported, settles the question as to the intentions of that Government with regard to slavery in Cuba.

ROYAL ORDER—COLONIES.

"Your Excellency: I have possessed her Majesty of the contents of your Excellency's despatch of the 12th of February last, and of the documents to which it refers, as well as of the explanations verbally made to the Government by General Buscillos. Her Majesty is pained by the abberration of certain Spaniards, who, soiling their national good name, and falling in their characteristic loyalty, have woven a conspiracy, having for its purpose to withdraw this isle from the Spanish Society of which it is a principal member.

"As treason, blackest of crimes, perverts in its authors every moral sentiment, it has been accompanied in this instance, as in every other, by its natural allies: falsehood, corruption, and the wish to consummate the butchery and stripping of all devoted men.

"But Divine Providence not permitting that crime shall long obscure truth, the whole nation, legitimately represented in its constitutional Cortes, with the unanimous consent of all the Deputies, and in entire conformity with the equally unanimous manifestation of all the crown-ministers, has seen fit to proclaim, in the sitting of the 8th, the firm resolution of all to protect property (in Cuba) in the shapes and conditions which are proper to it in this part of the monarchy, recognising explicitly that one of the most essential of these is slavery, and in such manner that the proprietors of slaves have their protection assured to them by the National vote, and may, consequently, count on the aid of Government in any event. But the traitors deceive themselves if they imagine that there is any difference of opinion among Spaniards engaged in a duty so sacred, a duty protected by the national honour, against which it does not array itself, but, on the contrary, is favourable to the most studious respect for existing treaties and an abiding consideration for the precepts of humanity and of our religion. The pang which her Majesty has suffered in learning of this crime is soothed by the assurance—as, indeed, was never doubtful—that your population in general have remained faithful, and that a large part of them have spontaneously proffered the sacrifice, if that shall become necessary, of their lives and goods for the defence of the country and the territorial inseparability (*integrité*). If any have hesitated from fear of danger to their property, or from entertaining suspicions, invented by calumny, of discord among Spaniards and the absence of material resources, let them reassure themselves. Unanimity is manifest; the Island of Cuba can reckon on an army sufficiently strong in the fidelity and energy with which it is animated, as well as on her constituted authorities. Government is sending from this moment reënforcements which shall succeed each other without interruption, and the material, not more than the moral, force will suffice for the defence of our friends. Let the imprudent arm themselves, for the future, against every seduction; let the loyal be confirmed in their good sentiments; but the criminal and, above all, the incorrigible, who have known neither fairness nor gratitude, should encounter the inexorable rigour of justice. Her Majesty, in accordance with the advice of her Ministers, commands me to charge your Excellency with this, although it sorely afflicts her heart. She commands me also to assure you that her approbation is due to the measures you have already adopted, and that she is disposed to sanction beforehand those which your zeal shall hereafter prompt for the timely prevention or chastisement of similar excesses, counting confidently, and in advance, on your prudence and discretion.

"Her Majesty commands me to charge you with thanks, in her royal name, to her troops on land and sea, and to all other Spaniards who have voluntarily offered themselves for the defence of the country. She desires you to express her royal satisfaction to the inhabitants in general who have repelled the temptations by which their fidelity was sought to be shaken.

"Finally, she charges your tried zeal with the duty of continuing to execute, in the most perfect sincerity and good faith, the treaties concerning the slave trade, and of accomplishing all that is necessary to preserve the good relations which exist with foreign powers.

"As a royal order, I say this to your Excellency, for your direction in all respects concerned.

"God guard you for long years. Luzuriaga.

"Madrid, March 12, 1855.

"To the Governor and Captain-General of the Island of Cuba."

KANSAS ELECTION, BEFORE AND AFTER.

Correspondence of the New York Daily Times.

Kansas, Sunday, March 25, 1855.

The election, as I wrote you, is to take place on the 30th inst., and great interest is everywhere felt. Emigrants are pouring in from Missouri and the East; but those from Missouri are going in wagons, with their household goods in company, and will *stay;* while the Eastern ones come more like chance travellers and will be located in small numbers only before the important day. Many of them will not remain; some go back in the next boat down after they land, without actually having been in Kansas (the Territory) at all. On the other hand, hundreds—probably thousands—of desperate Missouri rowdies will come over and mingle with the actual settlers and vote. With all these indications, I entertain *scarcely a hope* of a Free Soil majority in either house; at the same time, I *know* the anti-slavery feeling predominates in the Territory. [Telegraphic despatches have told our readers how true these fears proved.—Ed.]

Gov. Reeder has done his utmost to prevent the frauds of which last Fall gave us an earnest. His directions for holding the election are strict and plain; and if violated, I think he will refuse certificates. Among other good things, he has forbidden the bringing of ardent spirits on the ground. The Missourians are exasperated in the highest degree by those precautions, and lavish upon him the most abusive epithets and the fiercest threats. They are now circulating rumours of attempts to mob him, in the hope of deterring his friends from holding the ground they have taken. But the Governor is a man of good sense and good nerve, and will not shrink from the performance of his duty.

Among other tactics of the pro-slavery men, they intend casting a vote on election day for *Governor;* and with that purpose have nominated for the office the Rev. Mr. Johnson, the notorious nigger-speculating missionary of the Methodist Church South. They *profess* to believe that, in obedience to their demands, President Pierce will recall Gov. Reeder and appoint Johnson in his place. I fancy they do not even expect this themselves, but that it is a *ruse* to frighten the Governor and the *Yankees.*

The scheme of Atchison and Stringfellow to promote emigration from Missouri would seem to be quite successful. Large funds are raised, and poor families are paid money enough to take them into Kansas and keep them a while, if they will vote *right.* This emigration has commenced in earnest; yesterday, in Westport, as many as *five hundred* persons were passing on their way—the streets were literally crammed with wagons. Parties of ruffians are already scouring the Territory, seizing upon claims and intimidating, where they can, by their brutal and profane threats, accompanied by a free exposure of bowie-knives and revolvers.

The first waves of Eastern emigration are also breaking on our shores with great force. Last night, 250 arrived on board the Sonora, and two other boats, heavily laden, are reported near at hand. The St. Louis papers teem with accounts of the rush for Kansas; and it would seem as though the entire East is astir. If they will only come with the courage to stay, it is well; and, at all events, enough will do so to form a nucleus which will soon draw hither the thousands necessary to render Kansas a free State. The election of this year, if it goes wrong, will assuredly be reversed by that of the next. Literal.

Kansas, Saturday, March 31, 1855.

The election (so called by way of courtesy), which was expected to provide this fine Territory with a Legislature and special laws, was held yesterday; and enough returns have come in to enable me to present the whole thing without naming a single majority. In fact, figures have nothing whatever to do with the result, unless it may be such rhetorical ones as are necessary to describe adequately the fraud again practised upon the citizens of this Territory and the Union. Hereafter, it seems to have been decreed by the slavocracy that the election returns shall be prepared beforehand, and the programme be carried out by brute force. It matters not what may happen to be the views of the simple citizens who were weak enough to suppose that the "popular sovereignty" of Southern men could mean anything but abject submission to their *dicta;* the only material fact now entering into the political calculation need only be what number of marauders shall be detailed from Missouri to bring the pro-slavery majorities up to the necessary point.

In sober fact, the outrage of last Fall has been repeated with circumstances of fresh atrocity. Funds have been raised in Missouri, and men hired by thousands to come over into the Territory and do all the voting. Three thousand men are said to have been encamped about Lawrence, and to have voted without the slightest regard to

tent, has been practiced everywhere. In the Douglas precinct, the first Missourian offering a vote refused to take the prescribed oath, and the mob said seriously to the Judges, "Yield us up the poll-book and let us select judges of our own, or we will, in five minutes, unroof the house and storm it." The Judges saw preparations made to do this, and yielded; but the poll-book was not to be found. At last it was seized in possession of the Clerk, and he compelled, under the most solemn promises of being instantly *hung* if he refused, to deposit a pro-slavery vote. Instances are numerous where candidates have been made, under penalty of instant death, to vote a pro-slavery ticket—in some cases to make pro-slavery speeches. Not the slightest regard was paid to the legal requirements; the polls were seized and the drunken coberts marched up and permitted to vote without challenge. And so great was the preponderance of numbers that the Free Sollers saw it was in vain and would be madness to resist; and so, in many precints, refused to share at all in such shameful mockery.

O! the glory of the free elective franchise!

It was thought that an attempt would be made to make every voter *seem* a resident; but the apprehensions of the fire-eaters were too great for their discretion. It is now openly proclaimed that Missouri *will* turn the balance with her heavy hand. Threats are made against the *Yankees*, that in a civilized land would oblige the makers to give bonds to keep the peace. If asked whether they suppose that Gov. Reeder *can* sanction an election so acknowledgedly fraudulent, the reply is, that if he does not, his *life* shall pay the forfeit; he will never see his friends again. And it is understood that, at this election, Rev. Mr. Johnson has been balloted for (and *of course* elected!) for Governor; and that *he* will grant certificates, and President Pierce *shall* remove Reeder and appoint *the choice* of the *people!* Can bravado go further?

But, though brave men fear for him, the Governor does not fear for himself. His path of duty is plain, and at all hazards he will walk therein. This jest of an election he will probably disown, and immediately carry his case to Washington in person, if, indeed, some drunken desperado does not fulfil the bloody threat and add his murder to the outrages already committed.

The emigration promises to be large from the East, but it is also increasing from the South; and the crowds of New Englanders who come on seem to have started on a pleasure trip, and, when they get here and find some hardships to be endured, too often turn back discouraged. Where is the old Puritanic courage that wrested Massachusetts from barbarism, by toils and through sufferings to which modern emigration is indeed pleasure-travel! Is no trace of it left in their descendants?

For part of this failure the Emigrant Line Companies are assuredly responsible. When they shall refuse to send any till they have fully described to them all the difficulties and privations to be endured, *then* shall we have less of this *uniform complaining* among the new arrivals, and be pained by fewer spectacles of the disheartened return of those who had intended to make Kansas their home. Literal.

THE KANSAS SWINDLE.

The Missouri compatriots in Kansas of Douglas and Atchison thus telegraph to the *St. Louis Republican* the results of their labours:

"Independence (Mo.), March 31, 9 P. M.—Several hundred returning emigrants from Kansas have just entered our city. They were preceded by the Westport and Independence Brass Bands. They came in at the west side of the public square, and proceeded entirely around it, the bands cheering us with fine music, and the emigrants with good news. Immediately following the band were about two hundred horsemen, in regular order; following these were one hundred and fifty wagons, carriages, &c. They gave repeated cheers for Kansas and Missouri. They report that not an anti-slavery man will be in the Legislature of Kansas. We have made a clean sweep."

—The election in Kansas took place on the 30th, and on the 31st "*several hundred returning emigrants from Kansas*" marched into the Missouri frontier city of Independence, and similar cohorts, of course, into other Missouri towns on the Kansas frontier. They were "*returning emigrants,*" you see, on the 31st of March—just the season when most emigrants are hastening to their future homes; but these were then returning *from* their pretended homes in Kansas to their *real* homes in Missouri. And the following despatch gives the fruits of their labours at the ballot-boxes of a part of the new Territory:

"Kansas, March 31, 9 P. M.—Pro-Slavery ticket triumphant as far as heard from. Total vote: Lawrence, 778 to 255; Tecumseh, 266 to 34; Douglas, 330 to 6; Doniphan, 320 to 25; Shawnee Mission, 40 to 16; Leavenworth, 899 to 60; Hickory Point, 233 to 6. Election passed off quietly, and with very little disturbance."

—Here are 3,212 votes polled at only seven precincts—more than there were legal voters in the entire Territory, as ascertained by an official census four weeks previous. And the "voters" para de Missouri openly next morning in triumphal procession, with bands of music, banners and cheering on their return to their homes in that slave State.

—What say the abbettors of the giant fraud and crime whereby Kansas was opened to slavery? What think *The Union, The Pennsylvanian, Albany Argus, Boston Post, Detroit Free Press, Ohio Plaindealer,* &c., of this exhibition of "Popular Sovereignty"? What says Douglas? Has Gen. Cass no eleven-column speech to utter on the subject? Is this, indeed, the entertainment to which they all invited us? They were voluble enough in telling us what the effect of the Nebraska bill *would be;* now, let them tell us what they think of what it (thus far) *has been.* They cannot now elude observation by silence and secresy, for the People are sternly regarding them. Messrs. Northern Servitors of Atchison & Co. in the matter of the organization of Kansas! Fifteen Millions of betrayed freemen are waiting for your views of the validity of this Kansas Election, and the degree of respect to be accorded it by Congress and the country—dare you speak out?

A Washington correspondent says:

"I understand that Mr. Seward will not oppose the admission of slave States from the territory lately covered by the violated and repudiated Missouri Compromise."

We "understand" the very opposite of this, and venture to assure our readers that Gov. Seward will treat this Kansas Election as the impudent swindle it manifestly is, and recognise no claims based on it to public employment, unless it be in the Penitentiary. But, since Gov. S. has been thus pointedly referred to, we trust he will—so soon as the Kansas Election shall have been more circumstantially heard from—dispel any doubt which may have been raised with regard to his ideas of it. We tender him a welcome access to our columns for that purpose.—*Tribune.*

ANOTHER WAR TO INCREASE THE PROFITS OF SLAVE-GENERATORS—THE FILLIBUSTERS.

The time to light the train appears to have come. The Slave Power, or, more properly, the slave-breeding power, and President catspaw, are evidently about to execute the long meditated villany—ah, that is too soft a term—long meditated piracy and murder, once more to be perpetrated for no purpose under heaven but to strengthen and perpetuate as malignant, deadly and loathsome a despotism as ever afflicted and disgraced the human race.

The fillibusters have been assembled in force for some weeks; their chief has shown himself recently at the Capital, and held his levee in the Rotundo, carrying his head as high as Cataline; the itinerants of Ostend, who would be supremely ridiculous if they were not the exponents of a power which rules all here, without restraint of conscience or constitution, have put forth the Manifesto. It is a document which defies comment. To discuss it would be as idle as to expose the conduct of Cain to his brother Abel. I can think of no parallel to it except a committee of cut-throats reporting to the captain of their band on the next new burglary and family massacre.

One of the most untoward circumstances is the absorbing crisis and unequalled horrors of the war in Europe. Our frantic tyrants flatter themselves that Great Britain and France are blind or paralytic. Perhaps they are. That, however, which is the turning point with the miscreants, to whom, for our great transgressions we are subjected, is the present state of parties at home, the certain compexion of the next Congress, and the utter prostration and desperation of those in power as to being entrusted with any legal means of compassing their object. Therefore, a new and seasonable subject of quarrel (probably a branch of the ripened plot) is found in some indignity, shown or not shown, to some petty and perhaps insolent vice-consul. The country knows too well the quality of our representatives abroad. It knows also that slave-bred upstarts, in then or some other public capacity, are perpetually getting us into difficulty in the four quarters of the world; and that, especially in the Island of Cuba, none but such have been entrusted for the last twenty years with selling our flag to cover the piratical speculations of the villains of all nations.

The steam frigate San Jacinto, an ominous name, is despatched to demand on the spot "immediate satisfaction" of a provincial authority, which has no more power to give satisfaction for a national insult than Boston or Hull. Indeed, our precious rulers have made absurd complaints, the parent Government has refused to confer any such authority. And it is precisely because the Cuban government have it not that the demand is to be addressed to it; for thus the intended crime may be made to wear the appearance of a peaceable and simple demand of Justice for an offence to the honour and sovereignty of the American people, *without increasing the risk of its being satisfied!* We have just seen that Soulé's tactics at Madrid were reduced to staving off satisfaction.

Is it not visible as a thunder-cloud that they mean immediate violence and hostilities?

The fillibusters have been openly encamping below New Orleans, and infesting the city, by day and night, for nearly two months; and there has been no arrest, no prosecution, not even a dirty dish-water proclamation. On the contrary, all the naval forces we can muster are ordered forth in haste, not enough to set the Gulf stream a fire, to give them help, at first *by menace,* and ultimately, if need be, as need there will, by cooperation. Remember *Nicogdoches* and *Gen. Gaines.*

And when the appetite of the vampire shall have been appeased afresh, new guilt and corruption accumulated in the national conscience, and new stains on the national escutcheon, the Hunker Democrats will tell us sneeringly, "Now, you know who James K. Polk is"; and the Hunker Whigs will acquiesce in this unprovoked "breaking into the bloody house of life," provided it result in the capture of new customers, and in forcing upon this people new and heavier monopolies of slave and sugar dealing, destined to become, in due time, the parents of an interminable family of monopolies.

In my opinion, we are in a crisis surpassing in importance, though it cannot in rascality, the movement of our army from *Corpus Christi* to the *Rio Grande.* David Lee Child.

—*Boston Telegraph.*

"Pollok's 'Course of Time' has been denounced in a religious paper in Virginia on account of the following lines it contains:

'Unchristian thought! on what pretence soe'er
Of right inherited, or else acquired;
Of loss, or profit, or what plea you name,
To buy and sell, to barter, whip and hold
In chains, a being of celestial make—
Of kindred form, of kindred faculties,
Of kindred feelings, passions, thoughts, desires,
Born free, and heir of an immortal hope;
Thought villanous, absurd, detestable!
Unworthy to be harboured in a fiend!'"—*Exchange.*

Touch them gently—or the Union is dissolved. Approach them as if for shoes you wore mocasins, and the path you trod were carpeted, or you frighten them into a convulsion. Our Southern brethren are as nervous as ladies of an uncertain age. They see an offence even in our most approved figures of speech. Why, a man can't muse aloud or hum some old schoolboy song in South Carolina, unless he has first revised his stock of remembered stanzas and expurgated all that bears upon the slavery question, without endangering the Commonwealth. A thoroughbred Yankee could n't whistle a tune right through without the risk of hurting somebody's feelings.

It behooves us, as brethren of the same family with the dainty gentlemen who, through their cutaneous membranes, feel Pollok's random lash, to pause and overhaul our carpet-bags before we travel, lest the waste paper we wrap our spare boots in have some offensive sentiment on it—lest some stray sentence in our pocket Shakspeare have a thrust at the institution, which, communicated unfelt through so many years, shall expend itself upon some lordly patriarch's tender feelings. Soberly, though, it is a great annoyance that poets must be sticking in their twaddle about Liberty every tenth line, and those old poets especially were careless beyond all excuse. Let's have a Convention to purge the fellows of their frequent contempts, to rub smooth the "Liberty" side of all our corns—and from the "Declaration of Independence," the Bible, and all spelling books, blot out anything that could possibly tempt a negro to hanker after another sort of life than the slave's. Let us toll the Underground Railroad.—*Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-Second Public Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE (on the site of the late Metropolitan Hall, in Broadway, above Bleecker street), in the city of New York, on WEDNESDAY, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The meeting will be addressed by some of the most distinguished advocates of the Anti-Slavery Cause, whose names will be hereafter announced.

The Society will hold its meetings for business and general discussion in the FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH in Sullivan-street (West of Broadway and just below Houston-street), commencing on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 9th, and continuing, probably, until Friday noon.

As full an attendance of the members and friends of the Society as practicable, from all parts of the country, is earnestly desired and strongly urged.

The object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national, and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the national Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of slavery, wherever it exists on the American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is, "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

Edmund Quincy,
Sydney Howard Gay, } *Secretaries.*

CUBA AND THE ADMINISTRATION...No. IV.

The continued participation of the United States in the African slave trade, after and ever since the apparent abolition of it, is a chapter of history we would gladly erase and not read. But justice requires that, in pursuing the comparison, which has been forced upon us by national vanity and imposture, this part of our character should not be spared.

It has been seen that the foreign trade with this country was not abolished, even on the statute book, till the year 1820. The English annals of the slave trade, the highest authority on the subject, because it is the testimony of the only party which has nothing to conceal, will convict American citizens and consuls, vessels and flag of doing a larger business in the general commerce of human blood and bones than has been done by any other nation in the same period.

Nor are we without evidence from domestic sources. We have, in the first place, those very sales of captives rescued by our cruisers and revenue-cutters. Those persons were taken, almost without exception, from American slave ships. Then we have all those vessels which have eluded the vigilance of the authorities, and discharged their living freight at some desert point of the Florida or Gulf coast, or into small craft, which met them at sea, and carried the slaves up the *bayous* of the Mississippi, and then transferred them to some ark, flatboat or steamboat, to be carried down again and sold in the city as native-bred. We have the official fact that President Monroe broke up gangs of slave-dealers on Amelia Island and Galveston bay, when those places belonged to Spain. He excused the act, in his next annual message, by alleging that there was "an imperious necessity" of suppressing the slave trade and other intercourse of the outlaws with our citizens. We have reports of cases in the United States Courts which originated in the seizure of American slavers. We have the voluminous official correspondence of United States naval officers, showing not only the captures they have made, but also those which they have not made for want of power to search vessels suspected of being American

We have the report of Alexander H. Everett, Commissioner of the United States for inquiring into the conduct of *Nicholas P. Trist,* our consul, for some ten years, at Havana. During that time, he sold his official certificates, and the flag of his country to cover the African slave trade with Cuba. He aided in the fictitious transfer to subjects of Portugal and Spain of innumerable Baltimore clippers, built expressly for slave trade and adapted to no other. On the other hand, he furnished American papers to Portuguese and Spanish slavers, thus enabling American pirates to screen themselves under one of those flags, if they happened to meet an American cruiser, and a Portuguese or Spanish vessel to screen itself under the American flag, whenever it met a British cruiser, the latter having the right to search and seize under the flags of those nations, but not under ours. These things were perfectly well known in America, Europe and Africa, and yet this caitiff was permitted to continue his murderous speculations, in the name of the Republic, through Jackson and Van Buren's administrations. Nor, with the invariable rule of appointing none but slave-bred consuls for that post, could much good be expected from a change.

And here we touch the most important point in all these transactions; we mean the long vacillation and ultimate refusal of our Government to consent to a mutual search and seizure of British and American vessels by the armed ships of both nations, for the crime of slave-trading piracy. By the treaty of Ghent, we agreed and are bound to use our best endeavours to put down the trade. From 1819, the British Government began to solicit ours to cooperate with them by making equal and reciprocal concessions for that purpose; Spain, Portugal and Holland having already acceded in principle to the arrangement proposed. After some hesitation, during which Mr. Monroe's Southern jealousy appears to have been quieted, Mr. Adams issued instructions to Mr. Rush, our Minister at London, together with a draft of a treaty. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson signed it, on the part of Great Britain, without any alteration; it was sent to Washington for ratification. Mr. Forsyth, a Senator from Georgia, led off in an appeal to the old prejudice against "the right of search," and the treaty, though not absolutely rejected, was so narrowed and mutilated that the British Government refused to ratify it, and it fell to the ground. But that Government did not relax its efforts, though coldly treated by Mr. Clay, under Mr. Adams's administration, until the time of Gen. Jackson and the Trist transactions at Havana. To the renewed instances of the British Minister, the same Forsyth, now Jackson's Secretary of State, replied, verbally, that "the jealousy of the slaveholders throughout the Union was roused upon the Government touching, in any shape, the question of slave trade." In 1834, he made a formal and final response, in these peremptory terms:

"Under no condition, in no form and with no restrictions, will the United States enter into any convention or treaty, or make any combined efforts of any sort or kind, with other nations, for the suppression of this traffic."

The firmness with which this attitude has been maintained contrasts curiously with the way in which another was abandoned. On the 10th of August, 1848, the prohibition of slavery in Oregon being under consideration, Mr. Webster concluded "a most earnest and effective" speech as follows:

"My opposition to the further extension of local slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal. It has no reference to limits of latitude or points of compass. I shall oppose all such extension and all such increase, in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromise."

We know that nearly every nation of Europe and America, which has a seaport, and we believe that all of them except the United States, have agreed to the reciprocal right of search for slave-trading pirates, and that there is not now a flag, except ours, which can screen them. Now, as an arch is useless until it receives its key-stone, so is all this system of treaties in a great measure useless so long as there is one maritime power which holds back, because all the slave-traders of all nations put themselves at once under her flag. Thus, on the 24th of August, 1839, the British Parliament passed an act authorizing their cruisers to capture Portuguese slave-traders. This put down the abuse of that flag, and left ours without a rival. In 1838, there had been *thirteen* slavers detected, by British cruisers, under the American colours; in 1839, there were *thirty-two;* and in 1840, more than *fifty.* It is to be remembered, however, that these are a small part of all that were afloat under that flag, because it is well known that the number of cruisers then in commission encountered only a small part of the whole. But these numbers show progress which ought to satisfy the fastest Young American, and inspire him with a patriotic hope that he may live to see "the star-spangled banner" waving over cargoes of misery and despair along the imperial length of the Amazon.

At this time, the proposition for the mutual concession of the right of search was once more renewed by Mr. Fox, the British Minister at Washington, and again rejected. But in 1842, it was stipulated, in the Ashburton treaty, that we should maintain a squadron of *eighty guns* on the coast of Africa, to intercept American slavers and send them to the United States for trial. It was predicted, and has been too well verified, that this cooperation would be ineffectual unless an American and a British cruiser should always be found in company; because, in the presence of the latter alone, American slave-traders will be at all times perfectly safe; and in the presence of the former alone, all except Americans will be safe; and even they, by hoisting another flag. But it is impossible for two vessels to keep company on a chase, and it would be absurd to attempt it. That which is wanted and must be had, or our squadron may as well come home, is the accession of the United States to the grand league of Christendom. There is no cause in the world for us to stand out except unreasoning prejudice and senseless jealousy, the offspring of fear, while it had any sense, but having not a particle now, nor the least application to the present case. There can be no indignity in an equal and reciprocal concession. If it is a degradation for an American to be examined on the water by an Englishman, is it any less a degradation for an Englishman to be examined by an American? Of course, there would be no degradation to either, but honour, glory and gratitude, through all time and in all good hearts, to both.

We can now understand why the country has heard so little from its eighty guns on the coast of Africa, during the lapse of twelve years. Their prizes are so few and far between that it would be forgotten that we have an African squadron if men and vessels were not announced now and then as returning for repose. And yet, the late trial for slave-trading piracy at New York has disclosed the startling fact that slavers sail from this city at the rate of one a week; and that *thirty-seven* had been ascertained to have sailed the during preceding year! If this be true, the African slave trade, carried on by one American city now, exceeds that which was carried on by the whole United States prior to the passage of the laws professing to prohibit it. From 1790 to 1808, the importations of African captives did not, according to the most probable estimate,* exceed 5,000 a year, and it cannot be supposed that more than half of that number were carried by Americans, between foreign countries; while thirty-seven vessels, allowing each 400 to a voyage, which is the average cargo, would transport 14,800 a year, to say nothing of a second or third voyage, *four* months being the ordinary length of a voyage. Indeed, there cannot be, a doubt that the slavers fitted out at New York are competent to convey all the slaves which we have any reason to believe are transported at this time from Africa, not only to Cuba, but to all America. We may, therefore, infer that the American flag has come to monopolize the commerce in human beings, as American labour and capital have long monopolized the *ship-building* for that commerce. Thus we, in the West, and the Arabs, in the East, are plying the amiable trade with few or none to rival or envy either of us.

These are the proofs which are open to the observation of the civilized world, that the United States protect, countenance and carry on the African slave trade to the island of Cuba. With sorrow and humiliation we have presented them; and with indignation we ask by what right or with what decency our government has repeatedly lectured, before Christendom, on the sin of Spain, in not annihilating, at a blow, the inveterate Cuban slave trade? As though it were an easy process to abolish the most gainful trade in the most rapacious hands. Even the *rovers* of Ostend re'cho the pious horror of fillibuster and Fillmore Cabinets, at the slave-trading persistency of Spain, threatening her, at the same time, with fire and sword, because she is making sincere efforts to fulfil her treaty obligations, and relieve the victims of their violation. The freebooters, with an audacity, the joint growth of Southern ethics and protracted and fatal Northern submission, dare to proclaim to the world that this great act of tardy justice to all parties will render Cuba a nuisance, which we have a right to abate, by appropriating the island to ourselves, and perpetuating and even enlarging (as we shall see) the infamous traffic which they affect to hate. Consistent, humane and honest men! Such representatives must raise our country in the admiration of the world.

We have no idea of defending Spain, nor will we denounce her, hawked at as she is by unprincipled power, and far more sinned against than sinning, great as her sins are. At least, she has good proverbs, and among them this: "Says the pot to the frying-pan, get out of the way, you'll smut me."

D. L. C.

Errata.—In No. 3, for "without opposition," read *with* opposition. For "Great Britain has maintained them," &c., read Great Britain has maintained *there,* for the last twenty years, an officer, &c.

* Clarey on Slave Trade. Compendium of United States

SENATORIAL SLAVE-CATCHING.

We propose, at our leisure, hereafter—for we know it will be a matter of no small interest to many of our readers—to show that, under very different political and social phases, the treatment of slaves by their owners and free persons generally; the modes adopted by them, with the aid of the Government, to keep the subjected in the most undisturbed state; the continually restless inquietude of the slaves in their bondage; their attempts to get away from it, &c., &c., have been always, *substantially,* about the same. This was more particularly the case among the ancient Romans. It may be though—and we have scarcely a doubt it was—that we have a more minute account of the condition of that class of persons among them than among any other ancient people. Many reflecting persons, however, will be able to find a satisfactory account for it in this way—that both owners and slaves were of the *same* nature; that no institution, of whatever kind, could entirely obliterate the law of man's being, the love of liberty—that the oppressors preferred their own ease and indulgence to the present and eternal good of their neighbours—for, we take what *is* to be in some way connected with what is *to come*—to the general prosperity and happiness of society; and that the oppressed, in trying to get out of their state, were but endeavouring to restore in their own persons—unconsciously, no doubt, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—the everlastingly acting law of their formation. To this, some would probably add, that human nature has ever been, virtually, the same, and that where man acts

LEONARD BACON AND GEORGE THOMPSON.—We have already noticed *The Independent's* dishonourable thrust at GEORGE THOMPSON, in one of its articles upon the American Tract Society and its relations to slavery. F. W. CHESSON, the English correspondent of *The Wesleyan*, speaks of the matter and of the supposed writer of the article alluded to, in pretty plain terms, as follows:

"I perceive that that very pious journal, the New York *Independent*, apologizes for the exclusion of Mary Lundy Duncan's eulogy of George Thompson from the edition of her biography, published by the American Tract Society, on the ground that 'the standing of that man in his own country, among religious people, is not such that any religious Tract Society need hesitate about expunging from the diary of an enthusiastic young lady any passage, in prose or verse, expressive of her admiration for his eloquence.' I beg to assure Dr. Bacon that if he expects to increase his very doubtful popularity among the 'religious persons' in this country by his contemptible insinuation that Mr. Thompson is an irreligious man, he has missed his mark. True, among some such *professors* of Christianity, in this country, as Dr. Bacon is—among some spirits congenial to his—the name of George Thompson is no more popular than was Luther's among the priestly traffickers in indulgences; but he has an army of friends, both ministers and laymen, scattered throughout all the sects of the country, who love and admire him for preaching and practising those principles of the Christian religion for which, so far as the slave is concerned, Dr. Bacon, despite his professed piety, has practically a profound contempt. I have never seen Mr. Thompson speak from a British platform yet without having near him many religious men and women, and ministers also, who come to render him support by their presence and their sympathy. Dr. Bacon speaks like a Pharisee; and had he lived in ancient Jewish days, he would probably have been one of the chiefs of that sect, and would have blown his own trumpet of self-praise with stentorian energy."

TRIBUNE ANNIVERSARY.—The "Tribune Club," consisting of the proprietors, editors, reporters and writers of the *Tribune*, dined together (according to the *spirit* of the Maine Law) at the Irving House, on Monday last, the close of the fourteenth year since the paper was established. Notwithstanding the absence of some members of the Club, there were at the table thirty-seven gentlemen, of whom thirty are directly employed, either as editors or reporters, upon the paper. Mr. Greeley, the Editor-in-Chief, made an appropriate speech, and was followed by several others. The occasion served not only to inaugurate the fifteenth volume of the paper, but as an opportunity for taking leave of Mr. Greeley, who sailed for Europe on Wednesday, to join his family, attend the opening of the World's Fair in Paris, and perhaps spend some months on the continent.

The *Tribune* of Tuesday gave the following statistics of its circulation:

Daily Tribune.....	28,350	Weekly Tribune..	127,000
Semi-Weekly.....	13,960	European.....	500
Special for California.....			7,000
Total Circulation.....			176,810

Almost the whole of this circulation is, of course, in the Free States, New York leading off with 58,571, and the six New England States following with over 37,000, Ohio with 17,000, Pennsylvania with 10,000, Illinois 10,000, &c. &c. Our readers will all be interested to learn how many copies of a paper so strongly anti-slavery go South of Mason and Dixon's line. Here are the figures:

Delaware.....	90	South Carolina.....	17
Maryland.....	210	Alabama.....	37
Kentucky.....	323	Mississippi.....	30
Tennessee.....	109	Arkansas.....	7
Missouri.....	202	Louisiana.....	53
Texas.....	102	Florida.....	23
Georgia.....	39	District of Columbia..	23
North Carolina.....	28		
Total.....			1,293

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN IN OHIO.—We find the following notice of Mr. Brown in the *Bugle* of March 31st.

"We last Saturday had the pleasure of welcoming William Wells Brown to Salem, where, on Sunday last, he commenced the labours of his anti-slavery mission to Ohio. He spoke twice on Sunday, in the Town Hall, to crowded audiences. Unavoidable absence from home deprived us of the satisfaction of listening to his addresses, but all whom we have heard speak of them, concur in applauding them, as excellent and well calculated to advance the cause for which he labours. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mr. Brown addressed audiences in Columbiana; on Wednesday evening, at Canfield; on Thursday and Friday, he was to have spoken at New Lisbon, and on Sunday next he will be at Alliance; after which he will make his way to Cincinnati, holding meetings at Columbus, and at some other intervening places.

"During next month, until the Cincinnati Convention, Mr. Brown will labour in the South-Western part of the State, under the direction of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sewing Circle. It is proper to say that to this Circle we are indebted for Mr. Brown's most welcome and timely visit to our State. We most cordially commend him to the cooperation of all the friends of the slave, wherever he may go. Mr. Brown is intimately acquainted with the question in all its bearings, and presents it most happily and effectively, as the friends of the cause, both in New England and in Europe, where he has laboured extensively, concur in testifying."

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.—We hope to receive from our Cincinnati correspondent, in season for our next issue, a clear narrative of proceedings in the case of Rosetta, the emancipated chattel of the *Rev.* Mr. Dennison. We stated, last week, that, after the girl had been declared free by State authority, upon *habeas corpus*, she was again arrested by the U. S. Marshal upon the same warrant which Judge Parker had declared illegal; that, thereupon, another *habeas corpus* was issued by the same Judge, which the Marshal refused to obey, when he was fined $50 and imprisoned for contempt; and that, finally, U. S. Commissioner Pendery himself, after examination, pronounced the girl free, when she was placed in the care of her guardian. We now add another fact of great importance, viz.: that the U. S. Marshal was taken, by *habeas corpus*, before Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, who set him at liberty, alleging that the proceedings in the State Court were null and void!!

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—Rhode Island, at the election on Monday last, was carried high and dry by the Know-Nothings. B. B. Thurston, member of the last Congress, from the Western District, was reëlected. He is an amiable sort of nobody, but had the good luck to secure the friendship of 'Sam,' and thus made his election sure. Thomas Davis, the former representative of the Eastern District, was defeated by Mr. Durfee, the Know-Nothing candidate. We regret this, for, among all the members from the North, no man has been more faithful to freedom than Mr. Davis. Of his successor we know nothing, but we suspect the change is for the worse. Mr. Thurston has generally voted right, but Rhode Island ought to be represented by a stronger man.

TRIUMPH IN WISCONSIN.—Hon. Orsamus Cole, the anti-Fugitive Slave law nominee, has been elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, over Judge Crawford, who was a candidate for reëlection. The latter, it will be remembered, was the only member of the Court who dissented from the opinion that the Fugitive Law was unconstitutional. The people of Wisconsin were determined that their Supreme Court should be a unit upon that question, and therefore they excused Judge Crawford from further service. This result is a cheering sign of the times.

A COMPLIMENT WORTH SOMETHING.—A most delicate and, at the same time, convincing proof of the fullest confidence in your prudence and good judgment is when one of decided virtue and intelligence, and of averseness to all differences with others, communicates to you facts which, if repeated again, will very probably bring him into difficulty and dissonance with neighbours—when he never once says to you, "*don't tell this to anybody, but let it be entirely between ourselves, lest it bring me into trouble.*"

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—The Wilmington (Del.) papers announce that Joseph A. Dugdale and Oliver Johnson will hold a meeting in that place to-morrow (Sunday), at the Baptist church, in the afternoon, to explain the principles of the Progressive Friends; and from the West Chester (Pa.) papers we learn that Thos. Curtis will hold a similar meeting, at the same time, in that place.

THE BOSTON RESCUE TRIALS.—The Court has been occupied thus far in hearing argument upon the motion of defendants to quash the indictments. On Friday, the 6th, the Court was adjourned over till Tuesday, on account of the illness of the District Attorney, B. F. Hallett. On the latter day, the argument was resumed, but Judge Curtis first dismissed the Jury until Tuesday next, as it did not seem likely that their services would be wanted any earlier, if at all. We are not able, from the reports of the Boston papers, to form a judgment as to what is likely to be the decision of the Court upon the preliminary questions; but we doubt whether any of the accused will be tried at this term, even if it shall be determined to try them at all.

THE NEW YORK PROHIBITORY LIQUOR BILL, having been signed by the Governor, will go into effect on the morning of July 4th. The liquor-dealers are in great trepidation, hardly knowing whether it will be worth their while to make any resistance to the new law or not. They will soon hold a meeting in this city to consider their position and what they can do to prevent the breaking-up of their business.

New Publications.

ST. DOMINGO: its Revolutions and its Hero, Toussaint l'Ouverture: an Historical Discourse, condensed for the New York Library Association. By C. W. ELLIOTT. New York: J. A. Dix.

We are glad to see this Lecture in print. It is a worthy tribute to one of the noblest of the world's heroes, whose example is adapted to inspire every coloured man with a just pride and self-respect, and to make white men ashamed of the prejudice of colour. Mr. Elliott has performed his task wisely and well, and deserves therefor the thanks of the lovers of liberty.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY, addressed to the Pro-Slavery Men of America; showing its Illegality in all ages and nations: its Destructive War upon Society and Government, Morals and Religion. By O. S. FREEMAN. Boston: Bela Marsh.

The object of this work, in the words of its author, is, to furnish every American—every man, indeed, who cares for the right—with a good armory and a well-stored magazine, accumulated from the good and great of all nations and ages, that every one may choose what best fits him in the great contest between Freedom and Slavery. The author first prepared a work of more than one thousand pages, and then, by skilful condensation, brought its substance into the compass of 108 duodecimo pages. A work thus carefully prepared, after extensive research, could not well be otherwise than valuable, and so we find it. It is worthy of extensive circulation.

THE MAY-FLOWER, and Miscellaneous Writings. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo., pp. 471.

Most of the articles composing this goodly volume were written long before the author conceived the great work which has won for her an influence and a fame unequalled by those which have followed any other literary effort of modern times; but they all bear marks of the genius which lives and glows in that immortal production. They manifest the same power of description, as well of persons as of scenes and events; the same genial spirit, the same knowledge of human nature in all its phases, the same sympathy with the victims of oppression and misfortune, and the same earnest purpose to promote the best welfare of the human race. The book contains many pictures of New England society and manners, which will be relished and recognised as genuine by every true Yankee. Indeed, we scarcely know where we could find a more interesting Miscellany. It will be warmly welcomed by the great multitude who admire and love its author.

From our Southern Correspondent.

NEW ORLEANS, March 16, 1855.

A PRO-SLAVERY NOVEL, BY MARION HARLAND.

Editors of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

THE rapid growth of an anti-slavery literature in the North is one of the most gladdening signs of the times. The immense sale of Abolition novels and their great popularity is also cheering evidence of the progress of the true "American principle"—of Equality in judicial and political Rights without respect of sex, or race, or religion. It shows that the days of despotism in America are numbered. I do not wonder that our party should rejoice when they see so many authors arranging themselves in the ranks of the friends of Freedom.

I would have them to remember, however, that we are not the monopolists of the power of the pen. A Southern Literature is springing up. In the periodical issues of the muzzled press of the slave States, sectionalism is taught under the name of patriotism; and the standard of a man's worth as a citizen is measured by his devotion to the interests of the slavocrats. Within the past year, three authors, residents of the South, have defended slavery in books—Sims, Russell, and Marion Harland. I intend to expose the errors and sophistries of each of these writers. I shall begin with the youngest and best-intentioned of them—the last Southern authoress "out."

Marion Harland, I learn from the New York *Leader*, is a young Southern lady, a resident of Richmond, Virginia. She is the authoress of "Alone," which is heralded as the "great Virginia novel of the season." I have already given my opinion of it. I dislike its theology, disapprove its ethics, and detest its politics—but still I think that it deserves the great success it has met with. Although published in a provincial city, by a person without tact or enterprise, unpuffed and unadvertised, it has already reached its tenth American edition; ten thousand copies of it have been printed in England; it has been superbly illustrated by celebrated artists; its poetry has been set to music, and it has been translated into French. I like the book because its fervid style is the sign of an earnest soul. Earnest in my own opinions, I have a friendly feeling for every earnest thinker—however widely our creeds may differ. But for practisers of Paley's degrading doctrine of Expediency—as it is popularly *mis*understood—I have only denunciation and scorn for answer when they speak of the blessings of slavery. I would not stoop to argue with such men as the traitor Douglas, or the demagogue Wise; but I will willingly devote an afternoon to point out the erroneous statements of Marion Harland, or of the authoress of the Planter's Northern Bride.*

Marion Harland defends slavery rather by inference than statement. Here is the paragraph I intended to quote in my last communication:

"The house was a princely pile, rearing its towers from the midst of a finely wooded park. The architecture was Gothic, and perfect in all its parts, even to the stained windows, imported, at an immense expense, from abroad. A village at the base of the hill was peopled by the negroes, of whom there were more than a hundred connected with the plantation. The equestrians rode up the single street. Good humour and neatness characterized the simple inhabitants; children drew to one side of the road with smiles and courtesies; the aged raised their bleared eyes to reply to the respectful salutations of the young riders; through the open doors were seen clean, comfortably-furnished rooms—in most, the tables were spread for the evening meal, and the busy housewives preparing for their husband's return from field or forest.

"'There are thy down-trodden children, O Africa!' said Ida, sarcastically.

"Lynn fired up." [Lynn is the hero of the novel—an enthusiastic, poetic character—a Virginia R. B. Haydon; or, as the authoress calls him, a "modern Raphael." Mr. Lacy, a serious, uncomfortably pious young man, was intended as the hero; but the authoress, in attempting to improve human nature, was unsuccessful.] "'They are the happiest beings upon the globe,' said Lynn.

"'As far as animal wants are concerned,' subjoined Arthur.

"'I do not accept that clause. They are happy! They have a kind and generous master; every comfort in health; good nursing when ill; their church and Bible, and their Saviour, who is also ours. What the race may become I do not pretend to say. These are far in advance of the original stock; but their intellectual appetite is dull, and I dare affirm that in nine cases out of ten it is satisfied. I never knew a master who denied his servants permission to read, and many have them taught by their own children. The slave lies down at night, every want supplied, his family as well cared for as himself; not a thought of to-morrow! He is secure of a home and maintenance, without disturbing himself as to the manner in which it is to be obtained. Can the same be said of the menial classes in any other country under the sun?'

"'American as ever!' smiled Cary.

"'And Virginian as ever. The Old Dominion is my mother! He is not a loyal son who does not prefer her, with her infirmities and foibles, to a dozen of the modern "fast" belle States. The dear old creature has a wrinkle or two that do not improve her comeliness, and adheres somewhat pertinaciously to certain obsolete ideas, but Heaven bless her! the heart is right and sound.'

"Ida's eyes sparkled:

"'Where is coward would not dare
To die for such a land.'"

It is easy to condense into one paragraph, errors which could not be logically or even statistically refuted in less than a large quarto volume. To answer the various inferences of the preceding extract, it will be necessary to notice each sentence separately.

I affirm, at the commencement, that if the description of the "princely pile" referred to in the paragraph, and the picture given of the homes of the slaves attached to it, are intended as Representatives of the "Master's Houses" and of life in the "Uncle Tom's Cabins" of the Southern States, the passage is simply—*ridiculously* unfaithful. I believe that such a princely pile exists; that a generous master lives in it; that his negroes are well cared for; but, in behalf of the poor slaves of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, I emphatically deny that such masters are common in the South.

To begin with the sentences:

"The respectful salutations of the young riders." Gentlemen and ladies are the same all the world over—but the majority of the human race, of the "respectable" as well as of the "lower" classes, are not entitled to that name. I have no doubt that William Shakespeare, the first gentleman of Europe in his age, or George Washington, the first gentleman of America in his time, spoke as courteously to the poorest man whom they addressed as to the proudest aristocrat they ever conversed with. I am certain that Marion Harland and her friends would address a slave respectfully; but I deny that it is the general custom to speak to them with gentleness. The least symptom of independence in a man of colour is instantly extinguished by a shower of abusive epithets, in nine cases out of every ten. The last time I dined at a Virginia hotel—in Petersburg—I was asked by the coloured waiter if I would like a certain dish he named. I said "no, thank you." A well-dressed fellow, at the other side of the table, gave me a contemptuous glance—which I returned with interest—and then growled to his companion, in an audible tone, "Who the ——— is that, speaking *so* to the niggers?" He then turned round and called out to the boy—"I say, *Buck*, bring me," &c. This was a sort of challenge, which I accepted by asking the waiter—"Will you have the kindness, *sir*, to hand me, &c." The bully "looked daggers," but was silent. In my opinion, a greater misfortune arising out of slavery than even the separation of families is the annihilation in the slaves of the glorious Right of *striking back*. (Dr. Brown, I believe, terms it the sixth sense, or the sense of Resistance.) Probably I would think differently if I was a father; but I would now prefer death to deprivation of the Right of resenting insults.

"Neatness" in dress is not a characteristic of country slaves, as a class.

"Through the open doors were seen clean, comfortably-furnished rooms; in most, the tables were spread for the evening meal, and the busy housewives preparing for their husband's return from field or forest." Those who have read my previous letters will not need any words in which to answer this colour-de-rose picture of a model plantation. If this plantation has been selected by the authoress as a Representative, I need only say of it, as has been said of each of our great philosopher's Representative Men, that it does not represent. Good heavens! when I remember the comfortless, womanless, pig-sty huts of the African race in the Carolinas, and the negro villages I have seen in Georgia and Alabama, and then read Marion Harland's fanciful description of "slave-quarters," and think how many will peruse it as if it was a faithful picture of Southern life, and when I further reflect how many writers are engaged in promulgating the same dangerous delusion, I confess that I lose all hopes of a bloodless termination of the battle between slavery and freedom at present in progress throughout the Union.

"They are the happiest beings in the world." That's false; but if it was true, it would not prove that they are happy in consequence of being slaves.

"They have a kind and generous master." True—when they have *not* a cruel and ungenerous owner!

"Every comfort in health." What do you mean by comfort, Marion? Is a husband a comfort? You must be a very eccentric young lady if you think that he is not; and that you do think so is proved by the fact that you have married all your female favourites and left Ida's enemies and the coquette to live "Alone." Now, Marion, I have seen men sold into slavery *from their wives and families* in your own city, and I have spoken to "any quantity" of slaves in the Carolinas, who had suffered the same fate, many years ago. Education is a source of comfort. Music, also, is. Hope is the soul of comfort. The country negroes are all ignorant—the city slaves learn to read by stealth. The negro enjoys music—but his taste is as uncultivated as is that of the admirer of Buntline, or as was the critical ability of the young lady who styled Fanny Fern (the father-slanderer) "a woman of immense genius." Hope is a white! You "never knew a master who denied his servant permission to read?" Did you never hear of Mrs. Douglass? Are you ignorant of the fact that, in Virginia, it is a penitentiary offence to teach coloured persons to read? If you are not, read Mrs. Douglass's book and the statutes of your State.

"Can the same be said of the menial classes in any other country under the sun?" Perhaps not—but a great deal more ought to be said—it ought to be said that there is *no* "menial" class—and a sin is not less criminal in Virginia because there are other sins practiced elsewhere.

What shall we say of the authoress's eulogy of Virginia? As a lover of that classic State, I shall only say that I wish Virginia did not deserve it. "Dear old creatures" are very well in their way; but commend me to the "fast young belles"!

Yours, in the preference of youth, and vigour, and beauty, to age and "infirmities" and "wrinkles."

JOHN BALL, JR.

* I say, Messrs. Editors, if I write a fiction, *per contra*, entitled the Fanatic's Southern Sweetheart—will you publish it? It will be "nothing if not"—spicy!

LIBRARIAN'S SECOND ANNUAL REPORT,

To the Visiting Committee of Public Library in the Institute for Coloured Youth, Lombard street, above 7th, Philadelphia.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS: I have the pleasure to report that the interest in the Library and Reading-Room has been steadily increasing during the past year. The new books have nearly all been read, and have greatly tended to strengthen the attachment of those who were somewhat wavering. There are now belonging to the library about 1,300 volumes; and a valuable collection may be expected the ensuing year. The number of readers now using the library is 450, of whom 233 are males and 217 females. The new applicants amount to 127.

Number of books loaned out during the year,	4,088
Number loaned in reading-room,	1,554
Total,	5,642

Many parents have made commendable efforts to secure to their offspring an early attachment to this Institution. Widowed mothers, though pressed with many cares, and conversant with many sorrows, have come, leading their youthful sons and daughters to slake their thirst at this fountain of knowledge.

Fathers, long lukewarm on this subject, have been roused to enthusiasm by the zeal of their children. Oh, it is a glorious spectacle to gaze upon children bringing parents, who have long dwelt in mental darkness, to behold this marvellous light, illuminating the mists of prejudice and realizing the dawn of a promising day. It is cause for regret that adults generally have not *made* those little sacrifices which would make them familiar with the fine works which the library contains—like those who care little to cultivate a taste for Natural History, yet, are daily surrounded by objects in nature that would afford them exhaustless pleasure were they disposed to give them their attention. Several young men, however, aware of this truth, are among the new applicants, and their example, it is hoped, will induce many others to follow.

Libraries and Reading-Rooms have been established among all classes and in all directions. The north-west section of the city (late District of Spring Garden), celebrated for its beautiful public buildings, its costly dwellings and peace-loving inhabitants, was deemed incomplete without its Free Libraries and Reading-Rooms to preserve the morals of the young and give mental strength to the more mature in years. One of these was established at a much earlier period than ours, but contains about the same number of volumes. Another, opened four years ago, is a fine one, containing about 3,000 volumes.

Since its opening, the number of persons to whom books have been loaned for home reading is 511.

It is gratifying to know that, so highly has ours been appreciated, that the number of persons to whom books have been loaned for home reading is so nearly the same that the difference is but 61.

Many assert they have no time for the library, yet they have hours to spend in reading works of fiction, and days to devote to preparing for some childish folly, thereby blocking up the avenues to their own elevation and shaping an evil course for those of tender years. Were we rightly to improve our leisure moments, a vast deal might be accomplished.

The Chancellor D'Agueseaue gives a beautiful illustration; he wrote a work, in three volumes, which went through several editions, merely by economising twelve minutes every day during the dinner hour. Were we, by reading, to gain but one fact a day, we will have gathered in one year a priceless treasure.

The Managers have watched with great solicitude the progress of this Institution. Just in proportion as we exhibit an appreciation of its blessings will be their encouragement to make greater additions to the library, open other avenues of improvement and excavate the masses of prejudice beneath which the genius and intellect of the race have long been buried.

Some valuable works have been presented, for the use of the reading-room, by John P. Burr, Chairman of the Committee, and Maurice Hall.

Respectfully submitted by

JAMES M. BUSTILL, Librarian.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 1st, 1855.

Summary.

The old homestead of Mr. Calhoun has passed into the hands of John White, a merchant, and is now occupied as a "negro quarter" by his overseer.

All the free States have now passed Liquor Prohibition Acts, except Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Ohio. One slave State only, Delaware, has such a law.

All the parties engaged in the murder of Bill Poole turn out to be native-born Americans, instead of Irishmen. The Know-Nothings wasted their ammunition for nothing. Unfortunate patriots!

Governor Clark has commuted the sentence of Phelps, sentenced to be hung at Albany, to imprisonment during the remainder of his natural life in Clinton Prison, and an order to that effect has been issued.

Joshua R. Giddings has written a letter to his constituents against the Know-Nothings, because of their secrecy, their proscriptiveness, and especially for the disposition they exhibit to crush out the free sentiments of the people.

VIGOUR IN AGE.—Rev. John Pierpont was 70 years of age on Friday, the 4th inst. He has just returned from an extensive tour through the West; and the Painesville *Telegraph* says that he has, within the last fifty days, travelled 4,000 miles, delivered twenty lectures, and preached six sermons.

By a law recently passed in Michigan, a married woman may receive, buy, sell, devise, mortgage, &c., her real and personal property, without the consent of her husband, and also sue and be sued, without joining her husband in the suit in either case. So, the identity of the woman, as an individual, is beginning to be fairly recognised.

Of the Osage orange, the *Louisville Journal* says: about 1,300,000 plants are to be set along the line of the Illinois railroad, the present Spring," and predicts "that it will not be many years before the great western prairies will be divided and subdivided with this living hedge." The seed is brought from Texas, we believe. Has this kind of fencing been tried hereabouts?

HARD TIMES.—Two noticeable effects of the hard times during the present winter are a very marked diminution of the usual number of *marriages*, and the increase in the number of *inventions* for which applications are made. Affairs of the heart must give way to calculations of the head, in seasons when rigid economy becomes an imperious necessity.—*Newark Mercury.*]

Governor Winston, of Alabama, moved by devout men, and impressed with the gloomy prospects of the South, caused by Northern fanaticism, has proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer. It seems that the Compromise of 1850, the Fugitive Act, Direct Trade, Nullification, and all that, having failed to exorcise the evil spirit of Abolition, our Southern friends are about betaking themselves to prayer and fasting.

KANSAS EMIGRANT AID.—Dr. Snodgrass, Vice-President of the Kansas Settlement Company of New York, who has just returned from a successful lecturing tour in Maryland, is in this city to promote the interests of the Emigrant Aid Movement. He will speak here, if the use of the Assembly Chamber can be procured, and then enter upon a tour through this State for the explanation of the plans of his Company.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—Three passengers on this line passed through Ashtabula, the other day, on their way to Canada. They were from the south-western part of Kentucky, and had been two months working their way to Ashtabula. The *Sentinel* says:

"They say they had made a previous attempt to escape, but were re-taken, and put into jail, to be sold to a drover, when the daughter of the master of one of them managed to get them out, and furnish them $10 with which to make their escape."

SLAVERY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—For the salt works and coal mines in Kanawha Valley, an advance of twenty to twenty-five per cent. is required for hired slaves. This is mainly attributable to the facilities for running away from that section. The escapes, last year, by the Ohio underground lines, were fully twenty-five per cent. greater than any previous year. Indeed, many masters have brought their hands from the Kanawha, not being willing to risk them there.

VALUABLE WOMEN.—In taking a rough review of a book published not long since, entitled "A list of persons and corporations who are taxed on six thousand dollars and upwards in the city of Boston," for the year 1853, it appears that there is an aggregate tax of $64,581 94, representing in amount $8,639,100, the property of the rich women of our city. Surely, Boston must be said to possess a fair quota of valuable women, inasmuch as they contribute a fair share towards the filling of our city coffers whereby their portion of the public expenses is cancelled. Mrs. Hunt, it is said, pays her taxes under protest, from the fact, as she says, that taxation without representation is unjust. Now, whether this be so or not, she will find by a glance at the book referred to that there are quite a number of rich women involved equally with herself in this same business of taxpaying.—*Bost. Tel.*

THE LATE BARNABAS BATES.—A subscription has been set on foot by the many friends of this gentleman to erect a handsome monument to his memory in Mount Auburn, near Boston, where he was buried. Could the millions who are every day benefited by the ten years of laborious services of this "Father of Cheap Postage" be called upon to contribute but a penny each, there would soon be funds enough to build a temple to perpetuate his good works. He travelled thousands of miles, lectured in cities, towns and villages, and his labours, in spreading information before the people by his writings, would have filled several large volumes. He was a good man; he worked for the benefit of his race, and he deserves a monument.—*Eve. Post.*

The papers give the sad information that Ericsson has spent all his own and his wife's property on what has proved to be his fruitless and unsuccessful invention. Is it not time for some explanation to be given, by somebody, of the mystery attending the first trial trips of the Ericsson in New York harbour; and more especially of her voyage to the Potomac and back? These were pronounced, by persons said to have been on board, and by many of the journals, entirely satisfactory and full of promise: and if they were all they were represented to be, then the subsequent utter failure of the new motive power is quite unaccountable. Then, what has become of the stationary caloric engine whose perfect working was so unqualifiedly commended?—*Ch. Register.*

The "Sag Nichts," or "Say-Nothings," is the name of a new secret order in the West, composed says the Ohio *State Journal*, "of the worst elements of our foreign population, and the reckless demagogues who heretofore have marshalled the foreign vote in the much-abused name of Democracy." Ah—this time it is my neighbor's bull that gores my cow. The Know-Nothings must not claim a monopoly of mischievous instrumentalities. If you have a right to organize secretly against certain classes, they have a right to organize against you; and it is just as easy for them to denounce you as proscriptive and profligate as for you to abuse them as base and corrupt. The only true course for honest men is to put their foot upon all secret, oath-bound political associations.—*National Era.*

A MIRROR WHICH SHOWS THE FUTURE.—Neal Dow, the author of the original "Maine law," was chosen Mayor of Portland, Me., a little before said law was enacted. Of course, he distinguished himself by his efforts to uphold and enforce it, and the Rum influence made a desperate rally the next Spring and ousted him. Last Spring, the Prohibitionists tried to re-instate him, but failed by a small majority. *This* spring, they have tried again, and succeeded.

This, you will perceive, is the vote of a *city* only, and a city which has done a large business in Rum-selling. In the former instance, the Portlanders had just tried a stringent enforcement of the Prohibitory Law, and decided to relax; now they have tried out the free-and-easy policy, and decided to return to Neal Dowism.

A case of some interest was examined before Squire Bell to-day. Mr. William Phillips, a wealthy white man, has been charged by Ellen Morton, a coloured woman, with bastardy. It is said that, some years since, Mr. Phillips, who is about sixty years of age, came from Mississippi to this city, bringing with him a lot of slaves, which, immediately upon his arrival here, he emancipated. This Ellen Morton was one of these slaves, and ever since has lived with Phillips, on Broadway, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Ellen had three children, of which it is alleged Phillips is the father; and fearing that he is about to leave her, she prefers a charge of bastardy against him. Phillips was held in the sum of $300 to answer the charge at the next term of the Court of Common Pleas.—*Cincinnati Columbian, March 27.*

LESSON OF THE PAST WINTER.—Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor of the First Unitarian church in this city, has recently delivered a series of lectures on the Condition of the Poor—a subject which has been staring us in the face for three or four months past. He has treated the large and difficult question of pauperism in the most full and thorough manner—tracing the evil to its sources, in idleness, or vice, or calamity, portraying its terrible effects on the character, producing loss of self-respect, a feeling of despondence, and often hopeless despair; and last, demanding if there be any radical cure for this chronic misery and curse of society. We are glad to see a writer of such eminent ability meeting boldly this great social problem. The lectures are soon to be published, and, we are sure, will afford relief for thousands of benevolent men and women, who earnestly desire to help the poor, but are sorely perplexed to know what they ought to do.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA.—Over seven hundred passengers sailed in the steamer *George Law*, yesterday, for California, *via* Aspinwall and the Panama Railroad! Some of these were gentlemen suddenly called to the Pacific State in consequence of the recent financial revulsion there. Others were ladies and children on their way to join husbands and fathers whose engrossment in the cares of business will not admit a journey hither for the purpose of carrying their household treasures to the new home. But any one who cast an eye thoughtfully over the throng of travellers could not fail to see that the great mass of them were artisans and labourers—men who hope and expect to find in California profitable employment for hard industrious hands.

It is evident that the Spring tide of emigration to the Pacific has fairly set in, and that it is to be very great this year—greater, probably, than at any time since the discovery of the gold.—*Times, 7th.*

GENERAL SHIELDS TO BE APPOINTED UNITED STATES SENATOR.—The *Telegraph*, a paper published in Alton, Ill., spreads what is termed "an astounding rumour from Springfield," which it declares carries the climax of anything that has struck the tympanum of the editor's ear for many a day. It is nothing more or less than that Governor Matteson, disregarding the choice of a United States Senator by the Legislature, has resolved to declare that election *void*; and, on the ground that there is now a vacancy in the Senatorship, intends making an appointment to the post on his own responsibility! It is understood that General Shields is the gentleman designated by the Governor for that office.

The rumour goes on to say, that P. B. Fouke, Esq., is forthwith to sue out a writ of *mandamus* from the Supreme Court, requiring the Governor to issue a certificate of election to him, as Representative in Congress from this District. The ground which Mr. Fouke will assume is that the votes cast for Judge Trumbull were void, and ought not to have been counted, in making up the returns.

UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.—This sect, known chiefly in the West and South, numbers about 70,000 communicants. It has churches in several of the free States, also in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and other slave States. Speaking of its origin, the editor of the *Religious Telescope*, the organ of the sect, says: "Commencing our gospel labours in a slave State, we excluded all slaveholders from our communion, and continue to do so. We also exclude the members of secret societies, and the makers, venders and drinkers of ardent spirits. If we had enlisted numbers, we should have framed a different discipline."

We are wholly unacquainted with the creed and character of these "United Brethren"; but we quote the above statement as illustrative of the possibility of raising up thoroughly anti-slavery churches in the slave States. If these United Brethren, with non-slaveholding as a condition of church-fellowship, could originate and root themselves in the Southern States, why cannot the Methodist Episcopal Church spread her influence there, too, if she, also, refuses to admit slaveholders to her communion? Why not?—*Zion's Herald.*

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—"UNCLE JACK"—and who is there that has lived in this vicinity with in the last forty years who did not know "Uncle Jack?"—is dead. He breathed his last, on Tuesday, at his residence, in the town of Willing, a few miles south of this village. He was *one hundred and twenty years of age.*

As our readers at a distance may not be familiar with the history of this extrrordinary man, we will inform them. He was an African—a pure African. When a child, eight or nine years of age, he was stolen from his native plains in Africa by a band of marauding Arabs, who retained him until he arrived at manhood, when he was sold to a West India mandealer. He was carried to the Island of St. Domingo, where he served a number of years, with different masters, as a slave cook. At the time of the insurrection in St. Domingo (which event, if we mistake not, transpired in or about the year 1798), when the furious blacks exterminated almost the entire white population of the Island, Uncle Jack refused to join with his fellow-bondmen in the insurrection—choosing rather to flee to New York with his master, who he represented as being very kind to him. As Slavery was one of the "institutions" of the State at that time, he was still a slave, and remained with his old St. Domingo master until his death, when he was sold. His last master was the late Judge Lindsley, of Lawrenceville, Pa.—hence the name, Jack Lindsley. Jack became a freeman under the laws of Pennsylvania, after devoting the number of years ordinarily allotted to the life of man to the routine of a slave's life. His wife, who survives him, he purchased, while yet a slave—paying for her the sum of one hundred dollars.

The twain came to Allegany County about thirty years ago, and have resided here ever since. For a number of years past, they have lived upon the charity of the people hereabout, and have also been recipients of aid from Anti-Slavery Societies of the County. Physically speaking, Uncle Jack Lindsley had been a model man—tall, well-proportioned, and as straight as our native pines. But the toils and troubles of nearly a century and a quarter had bent low his erect and stalwarth form—bleached the raven hue of his "fleecy locks" to snowy white—and closed the windows of his soul against the sun-light of earth. He was blind for a number of years. He, however, retained his mental faculties in a remarkable degree. He was rigidly pious. His piety was of the Uncle Tom stamp—meek, lowly, patient; forgiving, and humbly submissive to the decrees of Providence. After eventful strugglas with the vicissitudes of a bondman's life for nearly a century and a quarter,

"The poor old slave has gone to rest."

The Great Emancipator has set him free, and his soul has flown to that Land where Slavery's blight despoileth not God's images.—*Wellsville (N. Y.) Free Press.*

PROHIBITION IS THE LAW!—We call general attention to this fact, which many seem inclined to overlook. Whether prohibition is wise, or politic, or likely to promote the cause of Temperance, is not now the question. Those points have been considered in order, and adjudicated. We have now to deal with prohibition as a fact.

We are aware that there is talk of the law's being adjudged *unconstitutional*, but this is moonshine. The right of a State, through its Legislature, to forbid and punish the Traffic in Intoxicating liquors was affirmed years ago by the Supreme Court, in a case originating in Massachusetts, wherein Daniel Webster appeared for the Liquor interest. Chief Justice Taney and several of his Associates distinctly affirmed the right in question, no Justice dissenting. It is, indeed, possible that some detail of the Law may be overruled by our Courts; but we can spare almost any dozen sections after the first, and still have law enough left to shut up the grog-shops.

And it is idle to hope, as some profess to hope, that the law of prohibition will be repealed. Prohibitory Laws have, during the last four years, been passed in *nine* States of the Union, and *not one* of them have been repealed. In two or three, the Courts have upset these laws, and in nearly every case on the express ground that they had not been passed outright, but subject to ratification by the People, which condition was held to invalidate them. No such ground of cavil exists in our case. The Law is passed outright—it is subject to no condition—and it will be repealed when the Ten Commandments are—not before.

Maine pioneered the way to Legal Prohibition, and Maine has just stiffened her Law by a vote of 90 to 29 in the House and all to nothing in the Senate. Massachusetts soon followed, but not stringently enough to cut off the tap in some of the larger cities, especially Boston; so Massachusetts has just driven the hoops on *her* Law by the strong vote of 258 to 42—Boston, for the first time, giving a majority for Prohibition. Rhode Island is now prohibited; her Judges broke down the Law; but the People remodelled and re-enacted it. Connecticut failed twice in her efforts for such a Law—the first time by means of a Veto—but the People rallied again, carried the Maine Law last year, and have just sustained it. New Hampshire has just decided for it, for the first time. Vermont has it without further dispute. New Jersey has just lost it, by *one* majority in the Senate, after carrying it in the House. Delaware has just carried it. Ohio adopted a modification of it last year, which is popular and working well. Michigan passed it two years ago, but four (half) of her Supreme Judges held it invalid because it was submitted to the People; so her new Legislature has just passed it again *without* submission. Indiana, Illinois and Iowa have each enacted Prohibition, and Iowa, it is reported, has ratified hers by a popular vote. And Wisconsin has twice passed such an act, but lost it through the Governor's Veto, for which the People will veto *him.*—*Tribune.*

THE TOBACCO NUISANC

Miscellaneous Department.

CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE.

FIFTEEN years ago, when I was a schoolboy in Paris, wearing a uniform very much resembling that of a Metropolitan police (the dress is military now, and they have metamorphosed my old college into an Imperial Lyceum), eating a distressing quantity of boiled haricots, washed down by the palest of pink wine and water, and conjugating a prodigious quantity of verbs, regular and irregular—the tenses of which have become so very preterpluperfect since, that they have faded clean away from my memory—fifteen years, then, since, there was an old gentleman inhabiting the English or St. Honoré quarter of the French capital—a white-headed, stormy, battle and weather-beaten veteran of the salt sea—a rear-admiral in the English navy, and on the half-pay thereof. He had been celebrated all over the world in his time for deeds of daring and chivalrous bravery; but that had been a very long time ago; and the ungrateful generation among whom his latest years—those that were to be but labour and sorrow—were passed, celebrated only his eccentricities and ignored, or were indifferent to, his glory. This is the way of the world, my Christian friend. When you and I come to be old men—and should we ever have given the world cause to talk about us—we shall find that the books we have written, the pictures we have painted, or the statues we have hewn, will be dismissed to oblivion with a good-natured contempt as things meritorious enough in their way, but quite out of date; should we be worth paragraphs, or anecdotes, they will have reference to the redness of our noses, the patterns of our trowsers, our manner of eating peas with our knives, our habit of putting the left leg foremost when we walk, or our assumed fondness for cold rum and water. The Duke of Marlborough's petty avarice and hagglings with the Bath-chairmen were talked about long after the conqueror of Blenheim was forgotten, and the nation had even grumbled about paying for the palace it had voted him in the first outburst of its gratitude. Lord Peterborough walking from market in his blue ribbin, with a fowl under one arm, and a cabbage under the other, quite threw into the shade Lord Peterborough the hero of Almanza. Whenever the name of the Marquis of Granby occurs to us now-a-days, it is in connection with the Incorporated Association of Licensed Victuallers, with foreign wines, beer, and tobacco—not with battles won, or sieges successfully conducted. Whose aquiline nose, white ducks, and hat-saluting fingers, were household words in London to the populace, who had forgotten Waterloo, when they smashed the windows of Apsley House with stones, because its owner was an enemy to Reform? Whose children grin now at the caricatured presentments of the prominent nose and plaid trowsers of the man who was the greatest orator, the greatest advocate, the greatest reformer of the law, England has ever seen, and who, thirty years since, shook this realm from end to end by the thunder of his eloquence, and dashed down walls of corruption, one after another, with his impetuous hand? The world is as ungrateful, as fickle, as petulant as a woman. I warrant Omphale rapped the fingers of Hercules when, sitting at her feet a-spinning, he happened to ravel the flax. He who had vanquished the Nemæan lion, and quelled the Erymanthian boar, was forgotten in the careless spinner. So it was with the old gentleman whom I knew in Paris fifteen years ago. People talked of the strange fancy he had of leading an old white horse about the streets, on which he never rode; much merriment was excited by the rumour that he slept with his head through a hole in a blanket (I am not exaggerating); the quidnuncs of the Rue St. Honore and the Champs Elysees were infinitely amused at his strange ways, his loud and rambling talk, his general oddity of manner; very few people cared to remember that, before most of them were born, he was famous over the whole world as the English Commodore Sir SIDNEY SMITH, the heroic defender of Acre, the scourge of the French navy—from the lofty three-decker to the smallest chasse-marée—and nearly the only man for whom the great Napoleon—the impassible, ambitious, who no more deigned to love or hate men, with him, or against him, any more than Mr. Staunton, the chess-player, loves or hates the pawns in his game—condescended to entertain a violent personal dislike. Sir Sidney Smith used coolly to declare that Napoleon was jealous of him. It is certain that he annoyed and chafed the Great Man horribly, and in Egypt drove him to the perpetration of a very sorry joke, having positively challenged him to single combat, which Napoleon declined, till—having rather an exalted idea of the "foeman worthy of his steel"—he could produce the ghost of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris; but it is not with his death or latter days that I have to do. I wish to tell the story of his escape from certain chambers which he occupied in the Temple, while he was yet the famous commodore, admired by Europe, and hated by the French Directory, and especially by General Bonaparte. How much of strict historic truth there may be in the story, it is not for me to say. The journals of the period tell pretty nearly the same tale; but even newspapers will occasionally err, and even the buckets of grave history writers often stop short of the well of verity.

Sir Sidney Smith, taken prisoner in a daring cutting-out expedition on the coast of Brittany, was confined in the prison of the Temple in Paris, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. Some idea may be formed of the importance which the republican government attached to his capture and detention to the fact, first, that the Directory refused to liberate him in exchange for M. Bergeret, a post-captain in the French navy, and again, on another occasion, positively refused to receive as an equivalent for his person no fewer than twelve thousand French prisoners! A man worth ten thousand pounds is something; but a sea captain not to be bought for twelve thousand fighting men is, indeed, rich and rare.

Unfortunately even distinction has its embarrassments, and such was the store set by the safe-keeping of Sir Sidney by his captors, that his confinement was of the most rigorous description. Verdun or Biche was good enough for ordinary prisoners of war; but the redoubtable commodore was transferred to the Tower of the Temple—that gloomy revolutionary Bastile, the scene of the last days of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and of the slow agony and death of the poor little captive dauphin—the tower that was afterwards to witness the darkest episodes of the Consulate—the reported suicides, but whispered murders, of Pichegru and Captain Wright—the last adieux of the simple, yet desperate, Chouans—the stern presence of their leader, Georges Cadoudal. In the Temple, then, Sir Sidney Smith was incarcerated. The guards were doubled, the defences strengthened, all communication from without was denied him, and the most rigid surveillance was exercised over all his actions.

Once having got their prisoner safe within the four strong walls of the Temple, however, isolated him from all exterior influences, and placed a strong guard over him, the Directory did not feel it necessary to treat him with any great personal severity. They did not load him with chains, they did not lock him up in a dungeon, they did not feed him upon bread and water. Sir Sidney was amply provided with pecuniary resources, and was allowed to keep himself. Apartments, the most commodious that the prison could afford, were allotted to him, and, furthermore, he was allowed to maintain something like an establishment of domestics. Besides Captain Wright, who acted as his secretary, he had a cook, a valet, and notably an English servant, half groom, half confidential man, called Sparkes. The cook and valet were freemen, and Frenchmen; Sparkes had been taken prisoner at the same time as the commodore, but the condition attached to the French who were permitted to attend upon Sir Sidney was that they should share his imprisonment—not one was permitted to pass the outer gate of the Temple.

I am not aware whether it has ever been the lot of any of the ladies or gentlemen who read this to have suffered the slow torture of imprisonment. I hope not; but if any such there be, they will readily understand how prone is the human mind, when the body is incarcerated, to devote itself to the culinary art. Most prisoners are good cooks, or, at least, love good eating. The man with the iron mask was a gourmand. The sham dauphin (one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine sham dauphins) who called himself Duke de Normandie, and had passed three-fourths of his existence in the different prisons of Europe, was renowned for the confection of roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. When confined in Ste Pélagie, in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was a matter of daily occurrence to hear a cry from his fellow-prisoners of "Capet, is the turkey nearly ready?" and the pseudo-descendant of St. Louis would answer, "I am dishing it." The late Mr. Rush, on the memorable occasion of his trial, addressed a very specific and emphatic billet-doux from his retreat in Norwich Castle to the eating-house keeper opposite, commanding pig, "and plenty of plum sauce." I have seen in White-cross Street prison an analytical chemist frying pancakes, and it was once my fortune to know, in the Queen's Bench, a doctor of divinity whose mockturtle soup would have rather astonished Mr. Farrance of Spring Gardens. Now, though Sir Sidney Smith on shipboard would have been perfectly content with ship's cookery—salt junk, salt horse, or salt mahogany, as it is indifferently called; plum duff, grey pea-soup, sea pie, lobscouse, weevily biscuit, and new rum—no sooner did he find himself immured in the Temple, than he fell into the ordinary idiosyncrasy of prisoners, and became an accomplished bon-vivant. The choicest of fish, flesh and fowl were procured from the Parisian market, and (after being strictly examined at the gate to see whether they contained any treasonable missives) furnished forth, by no means coldly, his prison table. The famous roast beef of Old England was seen, and smoked within those gloomy walls. Sir Sidney had endless disputes with the French cook concerning the thickness of melted butter, the propriety of potatoes appearing at table with their skins on; the injury done to a rumpsteak by beating it; the discretion necessary in the employment of garlic, and the number of hours necessary to be devoted to the boiling of a plum-pudding. The cook would *not* boil it long enough. Unless closely watched, he would withdraw it furtively from the pot, hide it in secret places till dinner-time, and declare stoutly that it had been boiling eight hours when it had not been three on the fire. But, errors excepted, the captives lived as well as those bellicose bipeds of the gallinaceous breed whose spur-combats were formerly the delight of our British nobility, are popularly supposed to live. Nor were good liquids wanting to wash down these succulent repasts. For the first time, perhaps, in France that noble compound, the punch of the United Kingdom (for England, Scotland and Ireland are all enually famous for it) was brewed within the prison walls; and every Frenchman who tasted it—even the rabidest enemy of "Pitt et Coburg"—thenceforth renounced the small-beer julep, half syruppy, thitherto misnamed "punch" abroad. Brandy, sherry and claret also formed part of the commodore's cellar, and, in particular, he had laid in a supply of admirable old port wine—rare old stuff—bottles of liquid rubies, in a setting of rich crust and cobwebs. Money can do almost anything in any times. It can break the sternest of blockades, and, though it could not get Sir Sidney Smith out of prison, it could procure him a supply of the primest wines in the English market. The French cook admired the old port wine hugely. He discovered that "porto" was required for a great many dishes and sauces. He was discovered in the kitchen, one day, by Sparkes, weeping bitterly into a stew-pan, by the side of an empty port wine bottle. He declared on that occasion, with some thickness of utterance, that the Directory were brigands, and the National Assembly thieves, and that the name of the legitimate ruler of France was Louis the Eighteenth. He was very pale and shaky next day, affected great republican sternness, and insisted more than ever upon being called "citizen," and "Junius Brutus," when, honest man, his name was Jean Baptiste all over, from his slippers to his white nightcap. These details may probably seem useless; but the commodore's port wine had more to do with his escape from his chambers in the Temple than you may at present imagine.

One gilt and burnished afternoon in the autumn of this same year 'ninety-eight, a party of four persons were assembled in Sir Sidney Smith's sitting-room in the Tower of the Temple. One of these persons was Captain Wright, whom, as he has nothing further to do with this history, I need not specially describe. The second was Sir Sidney Smith, then in all the pride and vigour of his manhood—a little pale, perhaps, through want of exercise, but a comely man, and fair to look upon. He had his hair powdered, and wore top-boots, which would seem somewhat strange articles of costume for a naval office, albeit in plain clothes, in these days, but were the fashion in 'ninety-eight. The third was Mr. Sparkes, his body-servant. Mr. Sparkes was of the middle height, and remarkably stout, though anything but corpulent in the face. He was so stout about the chest, that you could scarcely divest yourself of the impression that he had more than one waistcoat on. Perhaps he had. A very low forehead had Mr. Sparks, and a very voluminous allowance of bushy red hair. He was freckled, and his chin was lost in the folds of his ample cravat. He had a considerable impediment in his speech, which caused him to speak slowly, and not often, and not much at a time; but he was a great humorist, and was an enormous favourite among the prison officials for his droll sayings, and for the hideously execrable manner in which he pronounced the French language. A thorough Briton—an incorrigible "rosbif" was Sparkes, said they—there were some hopes of the commodore acquiring a decent knowledge of French after a few years' residence, but as for Sparkes, he would never learn, not he. Doctor Jollivet, the prison surgeon, who had been in England, and spoke ravishing English, declared John as "tout ce qu'il y avait de plus Coqueni"—by which, it is to be presumed, he meant Cockney. Sparkes had been brought up, he said, with the commodore, which accounted for a certain degree of familiarity with which he treated him, and which he was far from showing to the other servants. This present golden afternoon John half stood behind his master's chair, half leaning against the side-board. He was attentive in supplying the wants of the other persons present, but he did not neglect to help himself liberally from a special bottle of port behind him, nor did he refrain from joining, from time to time, in the conversation.

The fourth person of this group, and who sat at the end of the table facing the Commodore, was a Frenchman—a very important person, too, you are to know, being Citizen Mutius Scævola Lasne (formerly Martin), concierge, keeper or head jailer of the Temple. He was responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners with his head. He slept every night with the prison keys under his pillow. He knew where the secret dungeons—the underground cachots and cabanons—were, and what manner of men were in them. He was not a man to be despised.

Citizen Lasne was a very large, fat man, with a small head. Jailers generally are—but let that pass. Now there is no medium of character or disposition in large fat men with small heads. They are either intolerably vicious, slowly cruel, stolidly hard-hearted, mischievously stupid, torpidly revengeful, dully selfish, sensual and avaricious, or else they are lazy, good-natured, genial, soft-hearted giants—mere toast and butter, giving freely, lending freely, spending freely, always ready to weep at a pitiful tale, to sing the best song they know, to lend you their best umbrella, and to walk wheresoever you wish to lead them. It is the same with bald-headed men who wear spectacles. They are either atrocious villains or amiable philanthropists. The races admit of no mediocrity. Citizen Lasne happened, luckily for his prisoners, to be a large fat man, of the second or soft-hearted category. His exterior was rugged and his moustache was fierce. He was as stupid as the libretto of an opera, and as vain as a dabchick; but his nature was honest, simple, confiding and compassionate. He was the foolish, fat scullion of Sterne metamorphosed into a man. He would have spared a flea when he caught him—a three-bottle flea drunk with his life bood, and giddy with leaping over his body. He would do anything for a prisoner save allow him to escape; for, like all slow men, he had a fixed idea, and this fixed idea confirmed him in, and kept continually before him, the conviction that one prisoner the less in the Temple (unless legally discharged), was one head the less upon his own shoulders. This is why he always inspected the bolts, bars and locks of the doors and windows every night, set the watch, and slept with the keys of the Temple under his pillow.

Citizen Lasne liked drink. For port wine he conceived an immoderate affection. His liking for that beverage was pleasingly gratified, as the Commodore frequently invited him to his table. Misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and a jail makes a man take up with strange companions. These eyes have seen the son of an earl hob-nobbing at a prison tap with an insolvent boot-closer. On his own quarter-deck, in London, at St. James's, Sir Sidney Smith would doubtless have been as dignified, not to say haughty, as an Englishman and a commodore has a right to be. In the state cabin of his own flag-ship he would decidedly not have hobnobbed with Bob Catskin, the boat-swain's mate. But a prisoner in the Temple, far from home, almost solitary, any companionship was welcome to him. This is why he so often invited Citizen Lasne to dinner and to supper. This is why that fat citizen sat facing him at the table on the golden autumn afternoon I treat of.

The citizen having eaten like an ox (he approved of English cookery much), was now drinking like a fish. He could stand a prodigious quantity of drink—all fat men can. Only as he drank, his eyes, which were small and round, appeared to diminish still further in volume, for the little penthouses of his eyelids began to droop somewhat, and his round rosy cheeks to puff out upwards and laterally, while the eyes themselves seemed to recede into their orbits, as though they were lazy with repletion, and were throwing themselves back in their easy-chairs.

The table was covered with plates of fruit and decanters of wine, from both of which Citizen Lasne was helping himself largely—the others in moderation. The citizen drank his old port out of a tumbler—the starveling and effeminate thimblefuls known as English wine-glasses not having as yet penetrated into the Temple. He persisted on calling the port "a little wine"—un petit vin délicieux—meanwhile taking hearty gulps of the libelled liquor; for it is a mighty and generous wine—yea, that invigorateth the frame, and maketh the hearts of men strong within them. It hath cheered the vigils of great scholars, and armed brave warriors for the fray—port wine. As the citizen drank, however, it was evident that the fized idea was anything but dormant within him; for he watched his host's countenance from time to time narrowly, and in the midst of his hilarity and talkativeness there would occasionally flit across his fat face an expression almost of alarm—for Sir Sidney was taciturn, pensive, evidently preoccupied, drank little, and leant his head on his hand.

"May I pass for a 'suspect,'" he cried suddenly, laying down his glass, "if I drink another drop."

"What's the matter, Father Latchkey?" asked Mr. Sparkes in French, far too ungrammatical to transcribe here. "Wine gone the wrong way—swallowed a fly? Why you look as if you saw a file at the bottom of your glass, and a bunch of skeleton keys in the Commodore's face."

"May I sneeze in the sawdust" (when a person is guillotined, his head falls into a basketful of sawdust) "if the citizen prisoner of war is not thinking of his Three Muses at this very moment."

The "Three Muses" were three royalist ladies, hiding their real names under the fabulous sobriquets of Thalia, Melpomene and Clio, who had long and successfully evaded the pursuits of the police, and who were notoriously continually conspiring to effect the deliverance of Sir Sidney Smith. It should be known that at this period, notwithstanding the sanguinary severity of the Republican government against the Royalists, France and Paris swarmed with secret emissaries from foreign powers, known as "alarmist," "accapareurs"; but more under the generic name of "agents de l'étranger," and by the populace as "Pitt-et-Cobourgs." There were agents from London, from Vienna, from Berlin, and from Amsterdam. There were agents in the army, the navy, the salons, the public offices, the ante-chambers of the ministry; among the box-openers at theatres, the market women in the Halle, the coach-men on the stand—all well supplied with money, all indefatigable in obtaining information, in fomenting reactionary disturbances, in promoting the escape of political prisoners. I might fill a book with anecdotes of Conrad Kock, the Dutch banker (guillotined); Berthold Proly (guillotined); the two Moravian brothers Frey, and their sisters Léopoldine; André-Marie Guzman, the Spaniard, who actually so far ingratiated himself into the confidence of Marat that the last letter the famous terrorist ever wrote was to him; Webber, the Englishman, whose mission it was to obtain plans of French fortified towns, and paid twelve thousand francs for one of Douai; one Greenwood, who was specially employed to give dinners to distressed Royalists; Mrs. Knox; and especially the two famous Pitt-et-Cobourgs, Dickson and Winter, who braved the Terror, the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire, and only give up business in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was pretty well known to the police, when our fat friend alluded to the Three Muses, that an intricate and elaborate network of intrigues, plots and counterplots, existed for the release of Sir Sidney Smith; that neither money nor men were wanting to effect this, should an opportunity occur; and that persons secretly powerful were working night and day to bring that opportunity about. This is why the English Commodore had been so particularly recommended to Citizen Lasne, and why the fixed idea I have mentioned was so prominent in that patriot's mind.

"You will pardon me, Citizen Commodore," the jailer continued, rising, but casting a loving look at the decanters, "but I don't like to see you look thoughtful. Thinking means running. I must go and examine all the locks, and order the night-watch to be doubled."

"A man may be thinking of his home and friends, his King and country, without meditating an escape there and then, my good Lasne," Sir Sidney said with a quiet smile.

"Ah," objected the jailer, shaking his fat head, "but you've too many friends in Paris, citizen prisoner. Your King sends too many guineas and spies over here. There are hundreds of them between here and the Rue St. Antoine at this moment, I'll be bound. Very kind indeed to think of your friends, but if you should feel inclined to say bonjour to them, my only friend would be Charlot (the public executioner)."

If citizen Lasne could have spoken English, and have made a pun, he might have said that that only friend would have cut him. But he was a stupid fat man, and could do neither.

"Make your mind easy, my friend," replied Sir Sidney Smith, "I will promise you not to escape to-night."

"You promise! then it's all right; you promise, mind," ejaculated citizen Lasne, joyfully.

"I give you my word."

"Then give me some more wine," cried this merry fat man. "More Porto, Monsieur Sparkes, my dear, ho! ho!"

With which he sat down, and beld out his tumbler with his great fat doughy hand, that looked as if it had just been kneaded, and was ready for the bakehouse.

"More port, more port," grumbled or pretended to grumble Mr. Sparkes, filling the bacchanalian's glass to the brim, "What an old forty-stomach it is. He blows his wind-bags out like a sail. There'll be bellows to mend before long. Here's more port for you."

"'Tis good, my friend, 'tis an exquisite little wine. Yet a little more. A drop—guggl-gl-gl-gl"—and he continued to drink.

The jailer knew that Sir Sidney Smith was a man of inflexible honour and integrity; that to him his word as a sailor, a knight, a gentleman, was sacred. So he put the fixed idea out to grass for a time, and drank more port.

But port, though an exquisite little wine, will tell its tale, and have its own way with a man at last, like labour, like age, like death. The citizen Lasne became very talkative indeed, which showed that he was getting on; then he sang a song, which showed that he was getting further on; then he essayed to dance, which showed that he was getting drunk; then he told a story about a pig in the South of France, and cried; which showed that he was very drunk indeed.

"Citizen Commodore," he said all at once, "would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

At this strange proposition Sir Sidney turned his eyes to the barred window. The rays of the setting sun threw the shadows of the bars upon the wall; the bright light was between. And the gentle breeze of the evening came into the room like the whisper of an angel.

The hum and murmur of the great city came up and smote the captive upon the ear, gently, lovingly, gaily, as though they said, "Come, why tarry? you are invited." And the birds were singing outside upon the gloomy terrace, where the little dauphin used to walk.

"Monsieur Lasne," answered the Commodore, stifling a sigh, "there are subjects upon which it is both unjust and cruel to jest."

"But I'm not jesting."

"But do you really mean to say that you would consent . . ."

"Once more, would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?"

"Would you like to take a walk on the Boulevard?" bawled Sparkes, applying his mouth to his master's ear, as though he were deaf.

"If you are speaking seriously," Sir Sidney said at last, "I can but accept the offer with the greatest gratitude."

"Seriously, of course I am," replied citizen Lasne, rising, and shaking off the load of port wine from his fat form, as though it were a cloak, and really succeeding in standing straight. "First, though, let us make our little conditions. No attempts at escape."

"Oh, of course not," replied the Commodore.

"No speaking to anyone you meet on the road. No Muses; no words, gestures; not a nod, not a wink."

"I promise all this."

"On the word of an honest man."

"On the word of an English gentleman," answered the Commodore firmly.

"Come along then," cried the jailer, as if perfectly satisfied, linking his arm in that of his prisoner, and moving towards the door: "you shall see of what stuff the boulevards of Paris are made, Citizen Commodore."

Although this fat turnkey had drunk a prodigious quantity of port wine, he did not seem, once on his legs, so very much the worse for liquor. He gave one of his legs a little pat as if to reproach it for having been shaky, and took a last gulp of port by way of a final clench or steadier. Only his little eyes began to flame and sparkle greatly, which from the general dulness of his countenance gave him the appearance of having an evening party inside his head, and having had the windows lighted up.

The pair were going out when Citizen Lasne was aware of Mr. Sparkes, who leaned against the sideboard with his arms folded, looking anything but contented with the general aspect of affairs.

"A citizen who has poured me out so many tumblers of good wine," said the jailer, graciously "deserves some little consideration at my hands. Pass your word for him, too, Commodore, and Citizen Spark shall come with us."

"You have my word," Sir Sidney said, laughing. "Sparkes shall make no attempt at escape."

"You might have asked me for *my* word," grumbled Mr. Sparkes. "That would have been quite sufficient. A nice republican you must be to think that the word of a gentleman's servant is not as good as that of a gentleman. Is that your fraternity, or equality, or whatever you call it?"

"Liberty, equality and fraternity," replied Citizen Lasne, with vinous gravity, "are very pretty to look at on the two-sous pieces; but the heart of man is deceitful. However," he added, "may I pass for a ci-devant, Citizen Spark, if I think that you would play me false. Citizen, come along. Citizen Secretary (to Captain Wright) I recommend myself to your distinguished consideration till we return. Au Boulevard!"

He led the Commodore away, and Sparkes followed close at their heels, as a well-bred gentleman's servant should do. A few minutes afterwards the three were outside the great gate of the Temple. The Commodore had taken care to wrap himself in a cloak, and to slouch his hat over his head. As long as the sun remained on the horizon the party wandered about the Dædalus of narrow little streets which then surrounded, and even now to a certain extent surround the Temple. As it grew dark, the Commodore proposed that they should take the promised walk on the Boulevard.

Now Citizen Lasne, in regard to liquor, was somewhat of a spongy nature and temperament. He could suck up an astonishing quantity of moisture, but such moisture was very easily expressed by a few minutes' exercise, and then the citizen was dry, porous, on the alert and ready for more. When Citizen Lasne left the Temple with his prisoners he was considerably more than seven-eighths drunk. He had not been long in the fresh air before the fixed idea began to dominate over his mind with redoubled force. He began to repent of his somewhat too chivalrous confidence in the parole of his captives. He began to repent heartily of his imprudence. He began, finally, like Falstaff, to perceive that he had been an ass; and, worse than all, that he had effected that undesirable metamorphosis himself, As they walked he scrutinised narrowly the countenances of the passers by to see if any marks of recognition passed between them and his companion. And almost incessantly he glanced over his shoulder to assure himself of the whereabout of Citizen Spark. That trusty servant was contented with treading most faithfully upon his jailer's heels, and with saying, when he caught his eye,

"All right, citizen—all right."

If the fumes of the wine had been completely, instead of very nearly evaporated from the cerebellum of Citizen Lasne, he would have remarked a little circumstance which might have led him to entertain very grave suspicions concerning the safety of his prisoners. Ever since the party had quitted the Temple, they had been followed, step by step, by a female figure closely shawled and veiled; and Sir Sidney could distinctly hear, though the jailer from a trifling singing and buzzing in his ear, could not, the sound of steps behind them, regularly keeping time with their own.

The night was dark, and Lasne, determined to keep his word at all hazards, proceeded towards the Boulevard. At the moment when the three were turning the angle of the Rue Charlot a hand was laid on the arm of Citizen Sparkes, and a timid voice whispered—

"Monsieur le Comte."

Sparkes turned his head round, without slackening his pace.

"I saw you start," whispered the veiled female, for she was the owner of the hand and voice. "I have informed my sisters. Rochecotte and De Phelippaux are in readiness. One word and the Commodore shall be rescued from the hands of that wretch."

"But the Commodore will not say that word," answered Citizen Sparkes, in very pure and elegant French.

"And in heaven's name, why?"

"He has given his word, as a gentleman, not to attempt to escape to-night."

"And you ——" the veiled figure continued.

"Oh, as for me—the Commodore was security for me—but——"

The night grew darker, and darker, and the three strange companions, with the phantom in the veil, were lost in the tumultuous sea of life upon the great Boulevards.

There was no Boulevard des Italiens then; no Rue de la Paix, no Madeleine, no Asphalte pavements, no brilliant passages, no gas-lamps. But the Boulevards were still the Boulevards, unequalled and unrivalled; the crowds of promenaders and laughers were still the same, though attired in costumes far different from those they wear now. They passed some dozen of theatres, they passed Monsieur Curtius's wax-work exhibition; they passed numberless groups of tight-rope dancers, jugglers, mountebanks, learned dogs and quack doctors. All at once, just as they had arrived at the spot where the Passage Vendome has since been constructed, Citizen Lasne uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise.

"By heavens!" he cried, "Spark has disappeared!"

It was but too true, the body servant of Sir Sidney Smith was no where to be seen.

In his terror and agitation the unlucky jailer quite forgot his republican character. He was within a hair's breadth of making the sign of the cross; but remembering that religion had been done away with according to law long since, he twirled his moustache instead.

"May heaven grant," said the Commodore to himself, "that the poor fellow has really succeeded in making his escape." Then he added, aloud, "Sparkes has no doubt lost us."

"Lost us," cried the concierge, furiously, "lost us! yes, to find himself in London. I am ruined, destroyed. Citizen, citizen, I am a poor man, the father of a family, I have a head—I know I shall lose it—let us hasten home like the very devil."

He seized the Commodore's arm tightly as he spoke, and quickened his pace; and Sir Sidney had no alternative but to walk as fast as his companion. They ascended the Boulevard, and then rapidly descended the Rue du Temple.

But the tribulations of Citizen Lasne had not yet reached their culminating point. At the toy of the Rue Meslay they found the thoroughfare obstructed by a numerous crowd. Men of equivocal appearance hovered about, and formed suspicious groups. Some carts and barrows had been overturned in the road-way, evidently with the intention of forming a barricade. Lasne cast round him a desperate look. A jailer, he scented a conspiracy from afar off.

"And where may you be taking this honest man, citizen," asked a man, placing himself directly in Lasne's way. The man wore a coarse blue blouse, but the ill-buttoned collar showed something most suspiciously like a lace shirtfrill beneath.

"Room there!" cried Lasne, to whom despair lent courage.

"You're in a hurry, Citizen Donkey. If I relieve you of the care of that ci-devant who is hanging on your arm, don't you think you could walk faster?"

"Room there!" repeated the jailer in a hoarse voice. "Room in the name of the Directory, in the name of the Republic ——"

"One and indivisible!" interrupted the man in the blouse. "We know all about it. Hallo! attention there!"

The groups closed up. Citizen Lasne felt himself hustled, buffeted, half-strangled. Then he was violently dragged down a bye-street and thrust into a doorway. When he recovered his scattered senses, he was alone—the Commodore had disappeared.

"Oh my children, my poor children," murmured Citizen Lasne, pursuing his solitary walk towards the Temple. "What will become of them? Oh accursed be Pitt and Coburg! O thrice accursed be the wine of Porto!"

A fat man in a fright is not a pleasant sight to see. He always puts me in mind of a pig just poniarded by the butcher, and running about in extremis. The legs of Citizen Lasne quivered under him. A cold perspiration broke out all over him. He felt like a lump of ice in his backbone. The ends of his hair pricked his forehead; the singing in his ears loudened into a yell. The pores of his flesh opened and shut like oysters; and the whole of his inside became incontinent one mass of molten lead.

As he neared the Temple, the opposite sides of the street formed themselves into a horrible proscenium, and in the middle an infernal drama was being acted. He saw, painted all in red, somebody having the hair at the back of his head shaved off by somebody else hideously like M. Samson, otherwise called Charlot, the public executioner; then somebody being strapped upon a plank and thrust head downwards between two posts, in grooves of which ran a huge triangular axe. And the axe fell with a "thud," and somebody's head fell into a red basket full of saw-dust, and the fiends that were yelling in his ear called out "Citizen Lasne, Citizen Lasne, agent of Pitt et Coburg." And the devil danced before the theatre, playing upon a pipe.

The unhappy jailer reached the Temple gate. He rang and was about to enter, when he heard a voice behind him.

"Will you permit me also to enter, Monsieur Lasne?"

The citizen could hardly believe his ears. Much harder was it for him to believe his eyes, when, turning round, he recognised Sir Sidney Smith.

"May I be consumed" (he used a stronger term than this), cried Citizen Lasne, "if the word of a gentleman is not worth all the bolts and bars in the Temple."

Notwithstanding his high eulogium upon a gentleman's word, Citizen Lasne did not forget to see the bolts and bars properly secured as soon as he got inside. But a vigorous pressure from without prevented the closing of the great door, and a voice was heard crying—

"Let me in! let me in! 'Tis I, Sparkes."

"And where the wonder" (he used even a stronger term this time) "do you come from?" asked Citizen Lasne, when the Commodore's body-servant had been admitted.

"Where! why from looking after you to be sure. Do you call this fraternity and equality, locking a man out of his own prison. A pretty country, where, instead of prisoners running away from the jailers, the jailers run away from the prisoners."

Citizen Lasne was too delighted at the safe recovery of his prisoners to resent Mr. Sparkes's reproaches. He insisted upon lighting the Commodore to his apartments; he overwhelmed him with compliments and thanks. He positively wanted to embrace him. The Commodore repulsed him gently.

"You owe me nothing, M. Lasne," he said. "I had promised, I have kept my word. But dating from this moment I withdraw my parole."

"Wait till to-morrow," exclaimed Lasne, in a supplicating voice. "Only wait till to-morrow, Commodore, I'm so sleepy."

Mr. Sparkes pinched the arm of Sir Sidney Smith. "Give your word till to-morrow morning," he whispered.

"Well, so be it," pursued the Commodore. "Till to-morrow morning I will give my word to remain quiet. But after that I shall court the Muses as much as I please."

"I wish to-morrow morning were this day month," murmured Citizen Lasne, as he bid the prisoners good night, and left them to their repose.

"To-morrow morning may bring forth great things, Sir Sidney," remarked Sparkes, suddenly rising from the body-servant into the friend. "You have kept your word in neither escaping nor planning escape. I have kept the word you gave for me in not escaping. We shall see, we shall see."

The historian relates, with what accuracy I know not, that when Citizen Lasne had retired for good for the night, Mr. Sparkes took off no less than five waistcoats, and also relieved his arms and legs from much superfluous padding; that underneath his red hair he had some closely-cropped silky black locks; that the freckles on his face were removable by no stronger cosmetic than ordinary soap and water; and that in less than one quarter of an hour after the departure of the jailer, the bluff English body-servant had unaccountably assumed the likeness of an accomplished French gentleman.

The next morning, very early, a yellow post-chaise, drawn by four horses, drove up to the great door of the Temple. On the box sat two individuals, who at a glance could be recognised as gendarmes in plain clothes. Two more gendarmes, but in uniform, descended from the chaise, and assisted to alight no less a personage than Citizen Auger, adjutant-general of the army of Paris.

Shortly afterwards, the Commodore was sent for to the prison lodge, and there he was shown an order, signed by the Minister of the Interior, for the transfer of the persons of Sir Sidney Smith and his servant, John Sparkes, Anglais, to the military prison of the Abbaye.

"And many a poor fellow have I seen transferred to the prison of the Abbaye, who has only left it to be shot in the Plaine de Grenelle," murmured Lasne. "However, tout est en règle—all is correct. I will just enter the warrant in the books, if you will be kind enough to sign a receipt for the bodies of the prisoners, Citizen Auger."

The citizen signed his name to the prison register, "Auger, Adjutant-General," followed by a tremendous paraphe or flourish. He declined the escort of six men which Lasne was kind enough to offer him, saying that the four gendarmes were sufficient, and that, besides, he would depend on the honour of Sir Sydney Smith not to compromise him. The Commodore begged Lasne to accept the remainder of his stock of port wine, shook hands with him, took an affecting leave of poor Captain Wright, and with Sparkes entered the post-chaise. Citizen Auger followed; the two gendarmes in plain clothes mounted the box, and the carriage drove away. For aught Sir Sidney Smith knew, he was riding to his death.

The next morning, the newspapers teemed with accounts of the audacious escape of Commodore Sir Sidney Smith from the prison of the Temple, by means of a forged order of transfer. Citizen Adjutant-General Auger was no other than the proscribed emigré, the Marquis de Rochecotte, and the gendarmes were doubtless agents of the indefatigable Pitt-et-Coburg. As for Mr. John Sparkes, it was subsequently elicited that he was a certain Count de Tergorouac, a nobleman of Britanny, who had resided for a long time in England, and to whom it had luckily occurred, when taken prisoner, to assume the disguise of an Englishman.

The French police performed prodigies of strategy to arrest the fugitives, but all in vain. They reached Calais, crossed the Channel in a smuggling vessel, and arrived safely in England.

As for Citizen Lasne, he could come to no harm; for, though the order was forged, the signature of the minister appended to it was undoubtedly genuine. It was never known by what stratagem the signature had been obtained. The fat citizen finished the Commodore's port wine gaily, and drank his health, and that of "ce digne Spark," in their now unoccupied chambers in the Temple.—*Household Words.*

HISTORY OF SOME OF OUR VEGETABLES.

THE history of some of our fruits and vegetables is, in many respects, extremely curious. The artichoke, we find, was so highly esteemed in Rome, that an arbitrary law was enacted to prevent commoners from eating it. Basil, which now stands so high that a London alderman would spurn a basin of turtle made without it, was 200 years before Christ, condemned by Chrysyppus as an enemy to the sight, and a robber of the wits Pliny says they sowed the seeds with maledictions and ill-words—believing that the more it was cursed the better it would prosper, as is said of pigs in Ireland in the present day. So highly was the cabbage esteemed by the ancients, that two of their leading physicians each wrote a book upon it; and Phillips says that the ancient Romans, having banished doctors out of their territories, preserved their health for six hundred years, and soothed their infirmities by the use of this vegetable alone! From an anecdote related by Herodotus, it is evident that lettuces were served at the royal tables of the Persian kings, five or six hundred years before the Christian era; but they only knew one sort, which was a black variety. According to Ovid, mint was used by the ancients to perfume their tables, by rubbing the leaves upon them before serving the supper; and Pliny says, at a consultation of physicians in his chamber, it was decided that a chaplet of pennyroyal was better for giddiness and swimming in the head than one of roses. Mushrooms were a great dainty with the voluptuous Romans; and one of the poisonous sorts was used by Agrippina to destroy her husband Tiberius Claudius. Mustard must have been cultivated upon the earth, in Syria, at the time of our Saviour—as it is mentioned in one of his beautiful parables as being the least seed that was sown in the field.

Garlic was in use as early as the onion, and the want of both was lamented by the Israelites in the wilderness. The Egyptians worshipped garlic, and were said to wish that they might enjoy it in Paradise; while the Greeks held it in such abhorrence that they regarded those who ate it as profane. The Romans gave it to their labourers and soldiers to strengthen them, and to their gamecocks previously to fighting them. Parsely was in great repute in the time of Pliny, and the Emperor Tiberius held parsnips in such high esteem, that he had them annually brought from Germany, near the Rhine, to Rome. So highly did the Greeks esteem radishes, that they, in offering oblations to Appollo, presented turnips in wood, beet root in silver, and radishes in beaten gold. At that period they far exceeded in size the radishes of the present day, and some weighed as much as 40 to 80 lbs. Thyme was imported to Rome from Athens for the sake of the bees, and water-cress was eaten with salad, to counteract the cold effects of the latter vegetable. The large drum headed cabbage is used extensively throughout Germany and the north of Europe for making *sour-kraut*. As we have introduced and naturalized the German Christmas-tree, we know not how soon the *saur-kraut* may follow, and here, therefore, is the receipt. The cabbage-heads are cut into small shreds, and are packed in barrels or tubs, along with vinegar, to which salt and cloves are added; in this state they are preserved in excellent condition till late in the spring. When used, it is st